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Volume CXCVI No. 2556 The SPHERE, London, January 29, 1949

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

PROCLAIMING AMERICA'S WORLD-WIDE RESPONSIBILITY — PRESIDENT TRUMAN SPEAKING FROM THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D.C., AFTER HE HAD TAKEN THE OATH OF OFFICE AND BEGUN HIS SECOND TERM AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES : On Mr. Truman's right hand was Mr. Vinson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and on his left Mr. Alben Barkley, the new Vice-President. A vast crowd before the Capitol heard the President outline four main points in an avowal of America's world-wide responsibilities in building up the structure of peace

Half-a-million people, thirty-eight bands, the United States Army, Navy and Air Force turned out to cheer President Truman as he drove to the Capitol at Washington, D.C., for his inauguration, "in his own right," as President of the United States. The President had started the day by breakfasting with 100 old friends of the First World War, including Frank Spinna, his barber from Kansas City, and Eddie Jacobson, his former partner in a drapery store. Later in the day, President Truman took the oath of office from the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. Vinson, and then delivered his four-point speech, in which he stressed America's place in the new world order. The American people, he declared, were determined to work for a world in which all nations and all peoples were free to govern themselves as they saw fit, and for a just and lasting peace based on agreement freely arrived at by equals. The address differed from any other inaugural address in the history of the Republic in that it dwelt wholly on foreign policy, giving dramatic proof of the new position of the United States. (Further pictures of the inauguration will be found on page 147)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A Nation of Cadgers ?—I should hate to be accused of trouncing a Minister for an innocent *jeu d'esprit*. Yet I *was* a little shocked by Mr. Morrison's Bankside reference to furnishing the new Exhibition site across the river with a model of Shakespeare's theatre. It read too much like a genuinely-designed cadge and I confess that under the present Government I have grown anxious for our national reputation for standing on our own feet and cadging from none. A joke is a joke. A model of the old sixteenth-century theatre may or may not be desirable, and certainly public funds to-day could not be used to build it. But Mr. Morrison's reference was a little too much like holding out our hat for coppers, and *that* (in things great and small) is what in the last years we have become all too prone to do, and to wink at when it is done by our Government. We may be poor but, damn it, we needn't hold out a greasy cap ! No doubt there are several home-grown benefactors who would come forward at Mr. Morrison's hint, for the *quid pro quo* of a knighthood (or what not), but there again, I thought we had done with that form of getting things done cheaply.

Cardinal Mindszenty's "Confession."—While we wait a few days for the lifting of the curtain in Parliament on the Government's "policy" in Palestine and the Middle East, I fret my mind over another and lesser mystery : the Hungarian Cardinal's circular to his bishops that any confession produced at his trial would be "null and void" and the "consequence of human frailty." That can mean nothing but the Cardinal's expectation that a signed "confession of guilt" would be extracted from him by means of mental or physical torture or threats which he would be too humanly weak to resist. This comes straight from the dark or early Middle Ages. We rub our eyes and declare that we are dreaming. Then we remember (was it "between the wars" ?) that series of inexplicable confessions of guilt from Russia, in the wording of which men accused by the State appeared to revel in admitting the enormity of the crimes with which they were charged, and would be tried. No explanation of those exuberant confessions of blood-guiltiness was ever offered to us. We put them down optimistically to the nature and character of a race of men we could not understand and were not able to study at close quarters. But in truth the explanation was mere euphemism. In our hearts we knew (and we have abundant evidence to support it since 1939) that the screw still twists and the rack still turns, and that the horrors of the Dark and Middle Ages are not old, far off, forgotten things in Eastern Europe.

Noblesse Oblige.—Once a year in Rome the Pope traditionally receives a visit of homage from representatives of the Roman aristocracy. This year he warned the delegation that "the severity of the present times might impose on you, too, the need to work, like many others, for your living." This warning struck oddly on my ears. It suggested that Austerity and Democracy, as we know them in England, were still in Italy but a shadow on the horizon. Alternatively, that the Vatican still lives comfortably in the past. The Pope continued : "It is true that the Italian Constitution does not recognise noble titles, except those granted by the Papacy, but it cannot cancel the past or the history of your families. The people still watch the example set by the nobility." In England, our Constitution, for the moment at any rate, still recognises noble and hereditary titles, but most of their holders long since have bowed to the necessity of working for their living in any way that offers, be it never so humble. Whether or no in England "the people still watch the example set by the nobility," I do not know. But this I am sure of : by and large, the record of the genuine "old nobility" of both countries, in public service, in support of Church and State, in integrity and culture, is not one for sneers or denigration. This class down the centuries have worked for their country as hard as most people who have been compelled to work for their living. They never needed the spur of necessity. And I end on a note of interrogation, not of ridicule.

Baedeker Again.—Karl Baedeker of Leipzig has announced resumption of publication of the famous guide-books. It is an interesting sign of recovery in Germany. Karl Baedeker admits that the new beginning is fraught with difficulties. Almost all prerequisites for the task are to seek—offices, press, staff, capital and tourist traffic ! He might reasonably have added others—objects of interest, three-star hotels, shrines of first importance. The first new edition on Germany will be a slim volume. The chapters on Berlin and Cologne will economise paper. "This is Berlin ; that was." Japan, too, if it comes to that ; and the Russian volume will be a difficult one to write and for a time a doubtful best-seller. The new handbooks will issue from Hamburg and will inevitably strike out a new line as travel-books rather than as guides to art galleries and restaurants. The air lines, for instance, will bulk as large as the railway-lines. In short, Baedeker after-the-bombardment is a fine and stimulating proof of man's unconquerable soul, and I welcome it, as I welcome the first daffodil pushing bravely through the snow.

When in Doubt, Send for Gowers.—A Royal Commission is a Government umbrella, often raised during, before or after storms. The latest will examine the death penalty and make any recommendations to limit or modify the existing law, short of abolition, on which soon enough Parliament will again "take its decision." The Chairman will be Sir Ernest Gowers : he is the Admirable Crichton of our age. "When in doubt, send for Sir Ernest" is Article No. 1 in the manual of officialdom. He has served on innumerable commissions and committees. He is the obvious first choice for the widest range of subjects, the employment of women in Government service, of young people in industry, the preservation of old houses, the Shops Act, the preservation of London from bombs, the preservation of English from bureaucrateese. He was a distinguished Civil Servant for over forty years, is a barrister, an educationalist, an organiser, an orator, a writer of lucid English and a supporter of the Church. He is sixty-five and looks much younger, and a man of handsome presence and remarkable charm. Busy as he must constantly be, he finds time to wave his wand over a little corner of West Sussex and to convert it into a smiling Devonshire valley from an ugly chestnut scrub. There is nothing this Admirable Crichton cannot do better than the next man, and almost nothing he does not do. Yet he is only allowed twenty-four hours a day, like you and me. How would Sir Ernest react if I wrote "Like you and I." Read his *Plain Words*, if not (as it often is) out of print.

Jimmy Thomas. — Jimmy Thomas was certainly a pioneer in the Labour movement. He rose from the bottom to the top of the tree, built up the N.U.R., usually preferring conciliation to strike action. He was opposed to the miners' strike of 1921 and helped to dissolve the triple alliance of miners, railwaymen and transport workers. From that time he began to be suspect in the Labour ranks. He was Colonial Secretary in the first, Privy Seal in the second, Labour Government, and, later, Dominions Secretary. In '31 he entered the National Government as Dominions Secretary, thereby parting with what was left of his influence with the party ; indeed, he was virtually dismissed as secretary, N.U.R., but Derby remained faithful to him as an Independent. He represented Derby for twenty-five years and never lost its devotion. His fall came in '36, owing to the findings of the Commission to examine Budget leakages in that year. The rest of his life was passed in privacy. He got on "like a house on fire" with King George V. His breezy conversation and anecdotes pleased the King, who delighted in frankness and was a shrewd judge of character. It is probable that Thomas's loss of the confidence of the party he served so long and well was due less to his political than to his social development. He was a patriot, and he stood for conciliation and usually opposed strike action that held a pistol to the public's head. But he was suspect still more for his love of the flesh-pots—it was felt (as with Ramsay Mac) that he failed to "walk with Kings and keep the common touch." He was pilloried as a "boiled shirt." He "followed form" in his Whitehall office, betted in moderation and loved the sweets and luxuries which high office afforded.

THE NEW GENTLEMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD—LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR BRIAN HORROCKS (RIGHT) WITH HIS PREDECESSOR, VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEOFFREY BLAKE, WHO HAS HAD TO RESIGN ON ACCOUNT OF GUN DEAFNESS INCURRED DURING A NAVAL ACTION IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR : Sir Brian is seen carrying the symbol of his office. He had a distinguished military career, and will be remembered as the popular commander of 30th Corps, which drove into Germany as part of Montgomery's 21st Army Group. Sir Brian was very seriously wounded during the North African campaign, at an earlier stage of the war. For a short while last year he commanded the Army of the Rhine, but he had to resign for reasons of health. Last October Sir Brian announced his retirement from the Army.

The Common Cold.—The Harvard Hospital at Salisbury drives on with its research into "the common cold," its causes and cure. Elsewhere in England, America and Russia, research goes on feverishly to render atomic weapons more effective. The contrast is significant, even if it be admitted that national welfare is the excuse for both activities. Results from Salisbury are still to seek. A cure is as far off discovery as ever, but evidence of cause is flowing in from the outposts. A virus is established as the cause, one much smaller than the 'flu virus ; but no means have yet been found to cultivate it, and until such means are found, the Harvard Hospital labours in vain to find a cure. It is confirmed that colds are especially infectious in the earlier stage and that the virus swiftly dies out in a small community. Spitzbergeners have discovered that colds are practically non-existent with them a fortnight after the last ship leaves in October, and only return with the ships in May. I used to be a follower of Leo Maxse, who was wont to broadcast to *National Review* readers his immunity by the use of a safeguard as simple as a dip in Jordan. And still, as of old, I wish that guests who develop a cold would forgo my hospitality, which is not very attractive nowadays, or at least would blow their noses discreetly. Indeed, at the moment, I am as far advanced in research as are the wizards at Salisbury. But their research goes on subject to a satisfactory recruitment of victims. And so does that other research into a more permanent cure for the common cold and all other human ills.

More Bacon ?— One of the Bacon mysteries has at last been solved. The other is still so confusing that the Bacon Society is being compelled to change its name because it receives so many angry letters from housewives. But in announcing this change, the secretary is able to release news of the discovery of a contemporary document at St. Albans which will convince Baconians and should convince the doubters that Francis Bacon was "in fact" not only the author of "Shakespeare's" works, but the son of Queen Elizabeth and rightful heir to the throne. That is the reason why he did not acknowledge authorship. *Reasons of State*, not because the stuff was bawdy or bad. It wouldn't have done to have a poet-king, a scribbling monarch. The truth will out, but it all takes time !

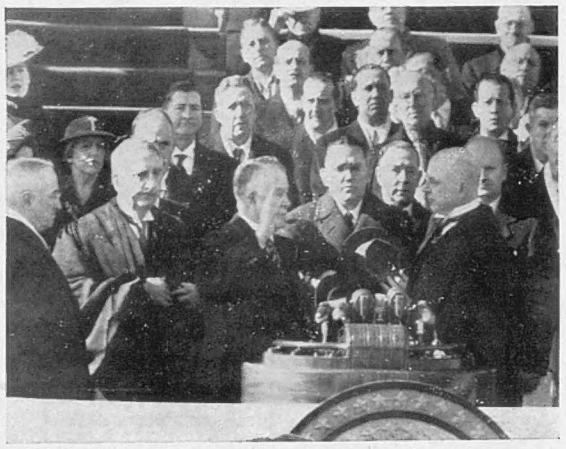
THE OLD STAGER

The INAUGURATION of PRESIDENT TRUMAN

The Drive to the Capitol and the Swearing-In Ceremony

HEADED BY A PHALANX OF MOTOR-CYCLISTS THE PRESIDENT DRIVES FROM BLAIR HOUSE TO THE CAPITOL FOR THE INAUGURATION CEREMONIES : A striking view looking down Constitution Avenue, Washington, D.C., as Mr. Truman and Mr. Barkley made their triumphal way through the city. It was estimated that 500,000 people lined the route. One explanation of the fact that all stand accommodation was not occupied was because extra lavish arrangements had been made by the Republican-dominated Eightieth Congress in anticipation of the election of their candidate, Mr. Dewey. Mr. Truman and Mr. Barkley received a rousing reception, however, and on the drive back to the Executive Mansion the crowd was very much thicker. The inauguration festivities lasted four days, in the course of which all employees of the Federal Government were granted an official holiday

THE PRESIDENT AND THE VICE-PRESIDENT ACKNOWLEDGE THE POPULAR GREETING : President Truman and Vice-President Alben Barkley wave their top-hats from the rostrum at the White House after leading the inaugural parade



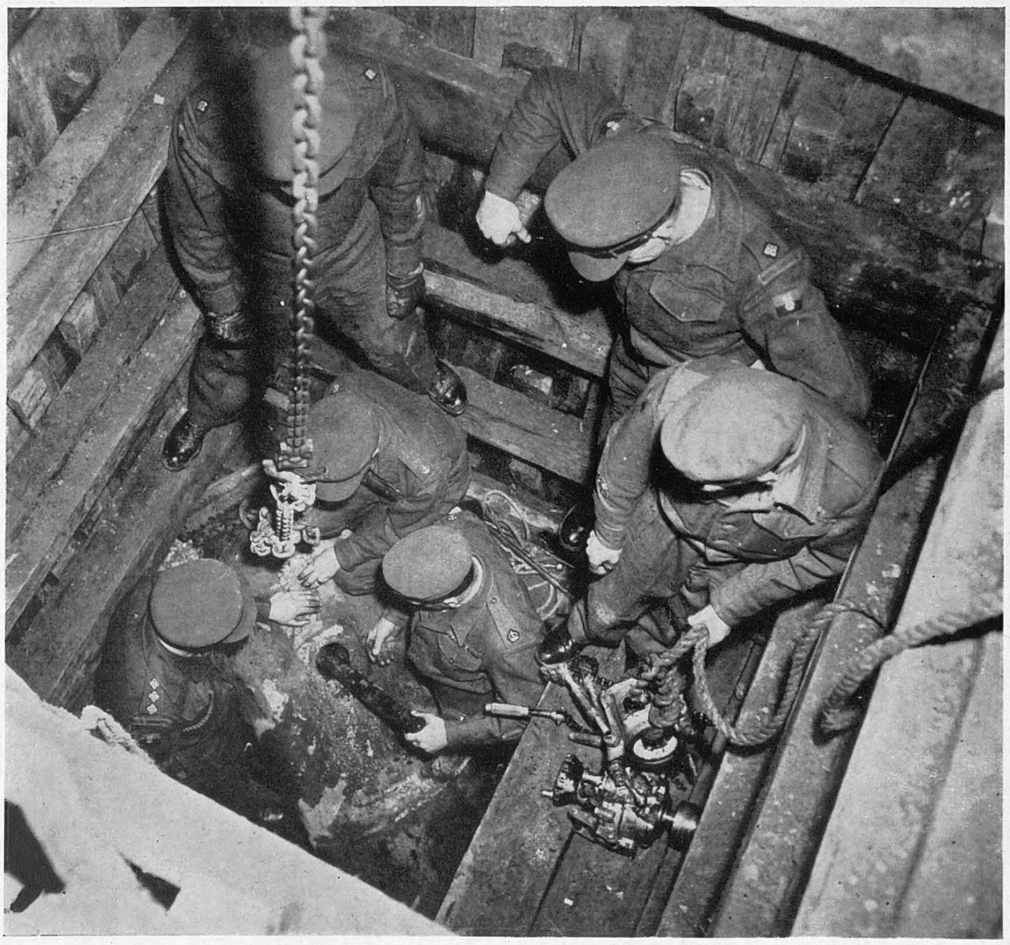
VICE-PRESIDENT ALBEN BARKLEY TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE : Mr. Barkley is seen (centre) with his hand raised, and facing him is Mr. Stanley Reed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, who administered the oath

THE SMILING TRUMANS ATTEND PRE-INAUGURAL FESTIVITIES : President Truman, Mrs. Truman and Margaret Truman (now about to start on a new concert tour) seen acknowledging from their box the greetings of an audience of 5,300. They watched a variety show provided by 700 top-flight entertainers

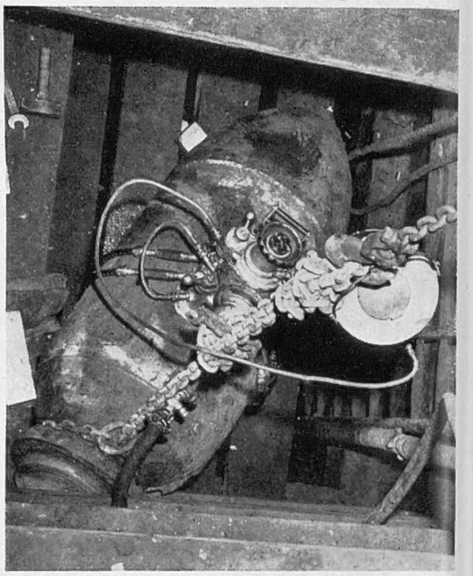
MR. TRUMAN TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE : As the Clerk of the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Charles Cropley (centre), stands by, Bible in hand, Mr. Vinson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, administers the Presidential Oath to Mr. Truman. A battery of microphones is installed on the rostrum before the Capitol, the ceremony being broadcast on a nation-wide hook-up. It was after taking the oath that Mr. Truman delivered his address, with its bold programme for strengthening the free countries of the world

BOMB-DISPOSAL SUNDAY IN STEPNEY

A 2,400-lb. Bomb Removed from a Back Garden



TWO MAJORS, A CAPTAIN, TWO SECOND-LIEUTENANTS AND A SERGEANT-MAJOR GATHER ROUND THE STEPNEY BOMB : Looking down into the crater in the back garden of a house in Brunton Place, Stepney, where a 2,400-lb. bomb, which had been embedded there seven years ago, was removed last Sunday. Major Knight, O.C. of London's Bomb Disposal Squad, tackled the fuse with Captain Shawyer, and by 10 a.m. they were able to announce that their efforts had been successful. Owing to danger of vibration, Commercial Road was closed, also Stepney East Station, and there was widespread evacuation, many residents having their Sunday dinner with friends outside the danger zone



THE FUSE BEING CUT AWAY FROM THE BOMB TO RENDER THE 2,400-POUNDER HARMLESS : While this automatic operation was in progress officers and men of the Bomb Disposal Squad had retired to a place of safety to await results

THE BOMB COMES TO THE SURFACE AFTER BEING BURIED FOR SEVEN YEARS : Officers and men of the Royal Engineers watching the arrival of the 2,400-pounder as it was hauled from shafting in the garden off Brunton Place

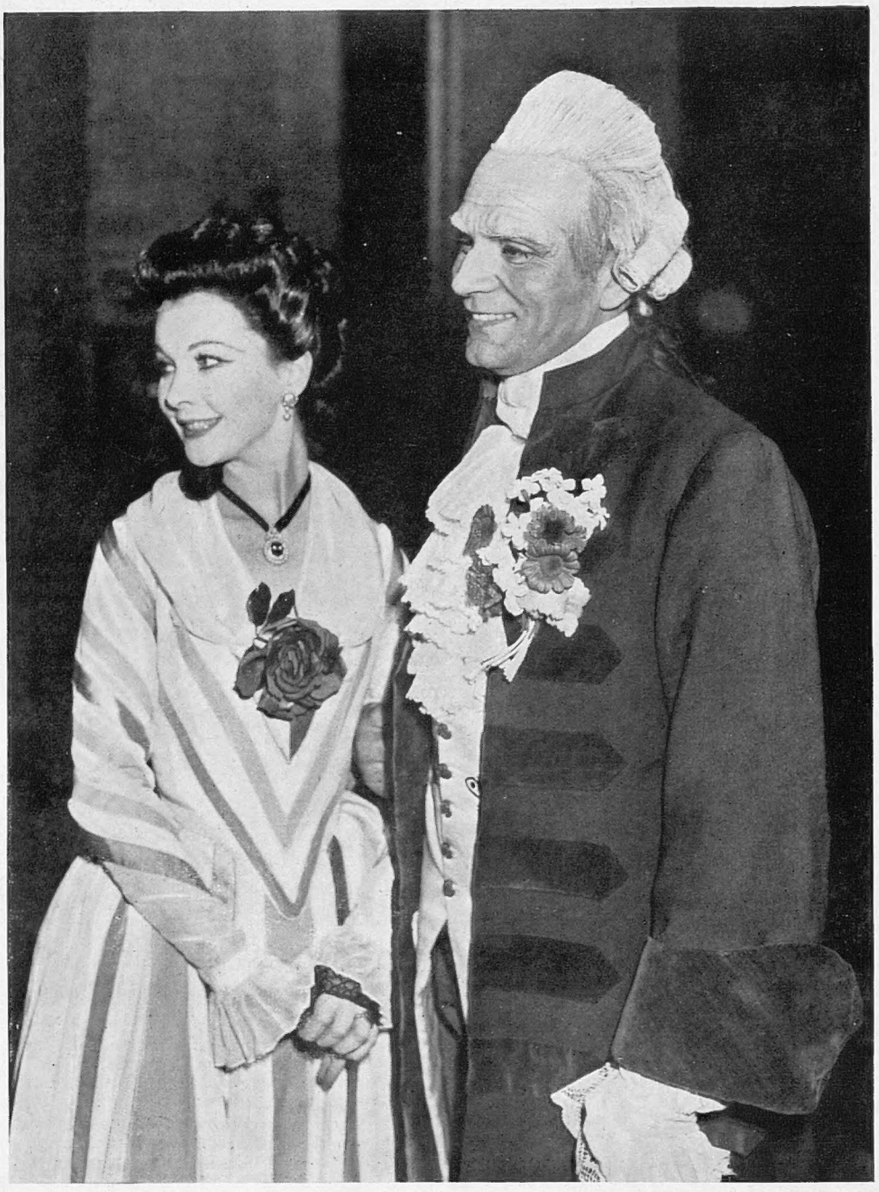
THE REMOVAL OF THE FUSE AND THE FINAL DEPARTURE OF THE BOMB : *Left*—Officers standing round the bomb after the fuse had been mechanically severed. *Right*—N.C.O.s and men of the Royal Engineers hauling the bomb out into the roadway before placing it on a lorry. A senior police officer looks on. The bomb, one of the biggest to fall and fail to explode in the London area, was embedded in clay 20 ft. below the window of one of the Brunton Place cottages

SIR LAURENCE MEETS THE QUEUE : On Wednesday of last week the first-nighters began to queue for the opening of the Old Vic Theatre Company's Olivier-Leigh season at the New Theatre on the following evening. Sir Laurence told them that it was not worth waiting all night, but the reception of his remark left no doubt as to the opinion of the fans

THE RETURN OF THE OLIVIERS

In Sheridan's Comedy of Manners "The School for Scandal"

All seats for the first night of Sir Laurence Olivier's production of *The School for Scandal* were sold on the day before the play opened, and fans and regular first-nighters began to queue up for the cheaper seats. Some waited thirty-six hours in St. Martin's Lane before they entered the theatre. This was the first occasion upon which the famous pair had acted together in London, although they have played *Hamlet* together at Elsinore; *Romeo and Juliet* in New York; and the present series of plays during their just completed tour of Australia and New Zealand. The first night was as brilliant as any seen in London since the war; stage and films being strongly represented by Sir Ralph and Lady Richardson, Lady Hardwicke, Margaret Leighton, Sir Alexander Korda, Sir Michael Balcon and David Niven and his wife among others.



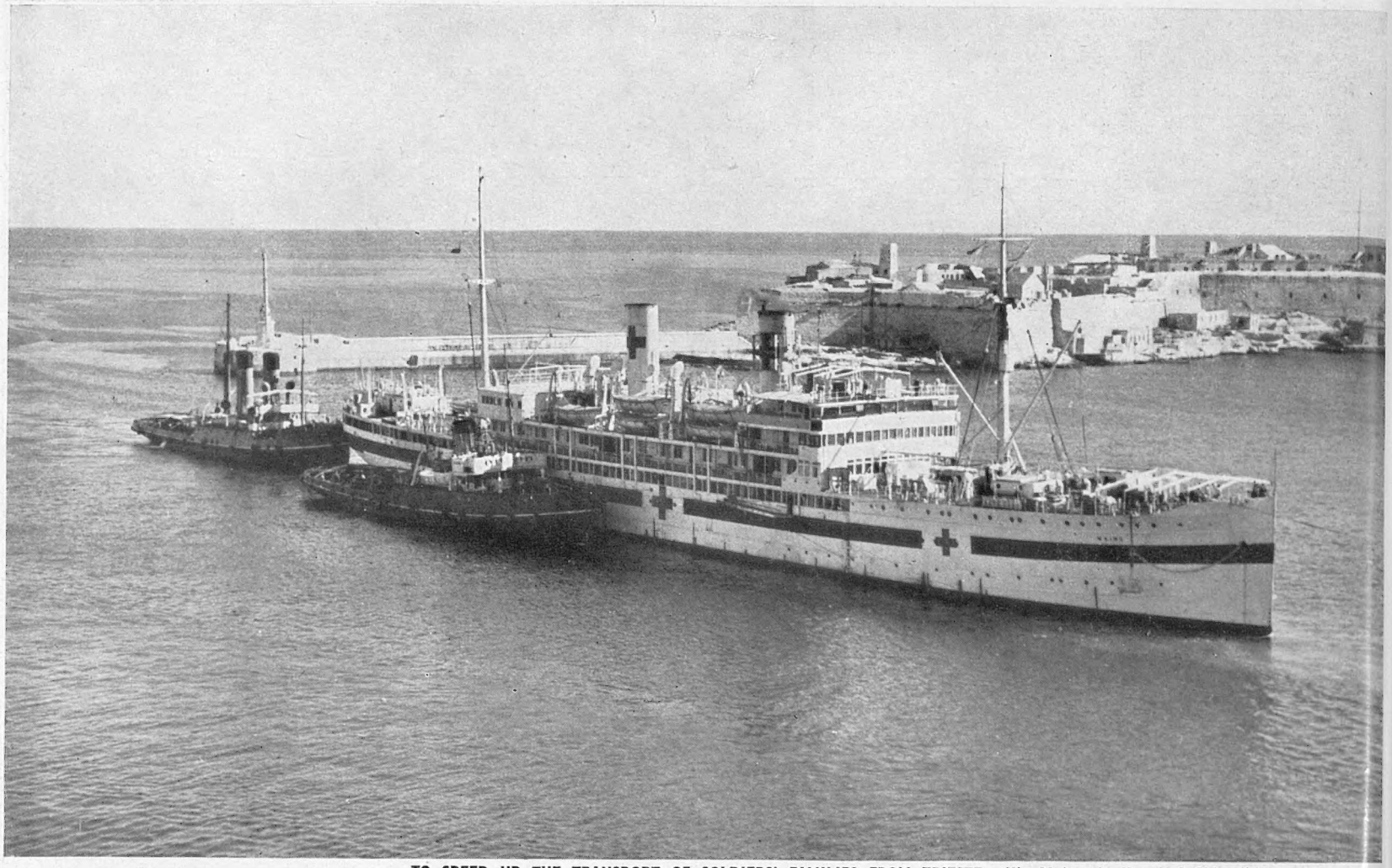
SIR PETER TEAZLE AND LADY TEAZLE IN THE NEW PRODUCTION OF SHERIDAN'S "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" AT THE NEW THEATRE : Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) were acting together for the first time on the London stage when they opened their season at the New Theatre on Thursday of last week. The beautiful eighteenth-century costumes and décor were designed by Cecil Beaton, and the first night was one of the most brilliant for some time

"IT'S LIKE BEING BACK IN SYDNEY" : Thus remarked Sir Laurence Olivier after the tremendous reception that he and Lady Olivier received at the first night. Crowds gathered outside the theatre to watch them depart after the show, when they went to a party at the house of the French Ambassador

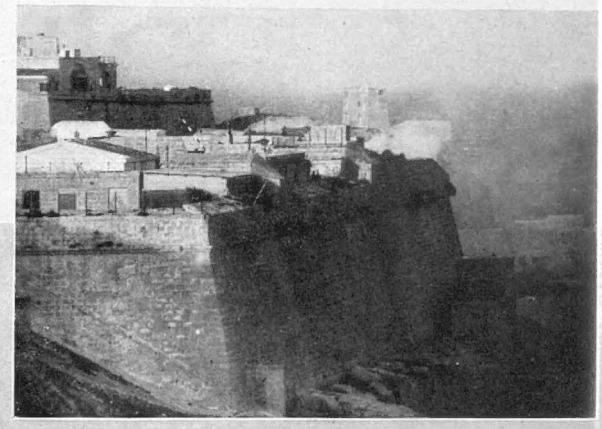
SIR LAURENCE AND LADY OLIVIER DURING THE FIRST-NIGHT PERFORMANCE OF "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" : Besides the tumultuous reception of the fans, there was much serious commendation of the performance, which had already been seen during Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier's recent tour of Australia

CONVERGING ON MALTA

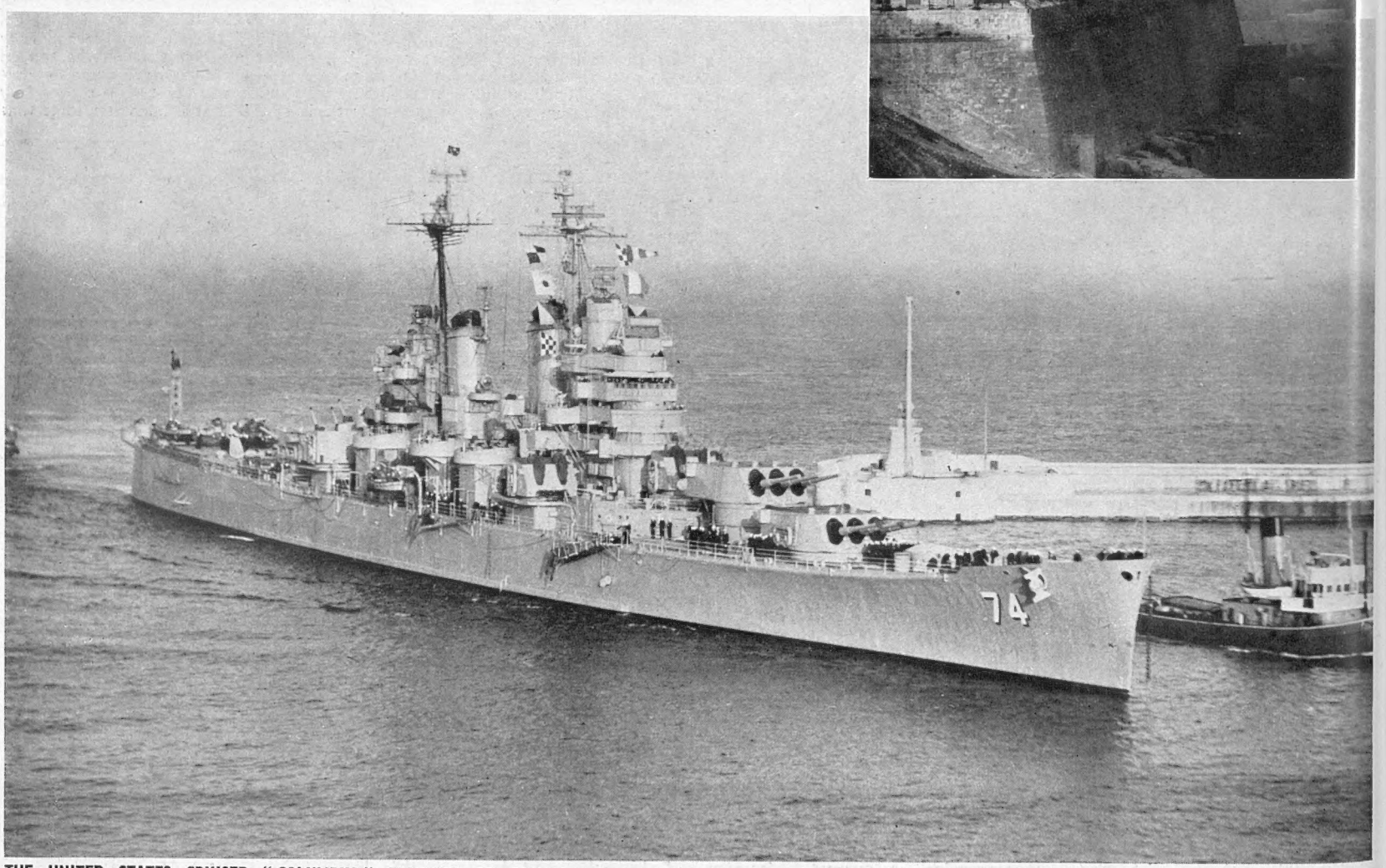
Busy Days at the Mediterranean Key Point



TO SPEED UP THE TRANSPORT OF SOLDIERS' FAMILIES FROM TRIESTE: His Majesty's Hospital Ship "Maine," seen at Malta, where she has been prepared for her new and temporary task. She will carry 120 passengers, plus infants in arms. Austerity conditions will prevail in the ship, but it is expected that these will be cheerfully accepted by those who are anxious to start the journey for home. The "Maine," at varying times known as the "Leonardo da Vinci" and the "Empire Clyde," is a vessel of 7,515 tons



On right—**THE GUNS OF ST. ELMO BOOM A WELCOME: The battery firing across Grand Harbour as the "Columbus," with Admiral R. L. Conolly on board, arrived at Valetta before the start of the Services Conference**

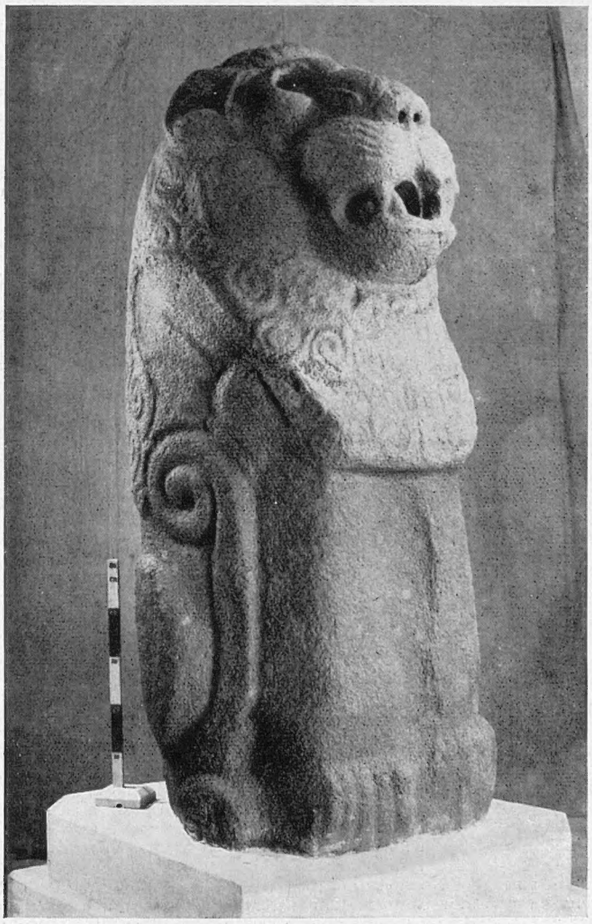


THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "COLUMBUS," FLAGSHIP OF ADMIRAL R. L. CONOLLY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF UNITED NAVAL FORCES IN THE EAST ATLANTIC AND MEDITERRANEAN, ARRIVING AT GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA: The 13,000-ton cruiser seen at Valetta. The vessel is still under way, but it will be seen that her anchor is beneath the surface. Admiral Conolly, who wears his flag in "Columbus," was arriving for the Conference of Service Chiefs, which was also attended by British Staff officers from the Fayid Headquarters in the Suez Canal Zone. The 8-inch guns of "Columbus" are mounted in triple turrets

THE EARLIEST KNOWN CEMETERY IN SOUTHERN IRAQ : A view of the excavations at Eridu, showing how carefully the dead were buried in previously prepared brick compartments, all strictly orientated to the south-east. Each grave was provided with equipment and implements which might be needed in life after death. This cemetery of the Al Ubaid period is at least 6,000 years old and forms part of the elaborate series of excavations now being carried on by the expedition organised at the instance of the Iraqi Directorate-General of Antiquities. The Sumerian settlement of Eridu in South Babylonia, regarded as the cradle of some aspects of Babylonian religion, was first examined by J. E. Taylor in 1854. Excavations by Thompson (1918) and Hall (1919) revealed a pre-Sumerian Neolithic substratum, while the latest excavations of the Iraq Government, started in 1947, have disclosed a temple of 4000 B.C., remains of still earlier temples, the cemetery depicted above, and much fine pottery. It is considered probable that the new season will reveal still more spectacular finds. Farther north, at Nippur, a joint American expedition, by the Universities of Chicago and Pennsylvania, is engaged on preliminary work

PROBING THE SECRETS OF ERIDU

The Traditional Cradle of the Babylonian Religion



THE LION OF ERIDU : This figure in basalt originally stood guard together with a companion figure at the main entrance of the ancient Sumerian settlement. It is 5 ft. in height and in a remarkably fine state of preservation

ON THIS SITE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED THE REMAINS OF NO FEWER THAN TEN TEMPLES : In the very top strata may be seen the foundations of a Sumerian tower dating back to 2200 B.C. It was constructed of burnt brick. At the lowest point of the excavations men are excavating on the site of Temple No. IX (4th millennium B.C.) built of sun-dried bricks

BAEDEKER GETS GOING IN A CHANGED WORLD

Dr. Karl Baedeker Plans to Revive the Celebrated Guides

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"PRACTICALLY all the prerequisites for the undertaking—publishing house, staff, capital and tourist traffic—have disappeared," records Dr. Karl Baedeker (The Fourth), in announcing that he intends to resume publication of the world-famed guide-books.

He escaped from the Soviet Zone in order to obtain a licence, and the new Baedeker headquarters will be Hamburg, in the British Zone. But two family partners are also trying to get under way in Leipzig, for sixty-seven years seat of the firm, and now in the Soviet Zone.

While it is far from correct to say that the tourist traffic has disappeared—as examples to the contrary, Britain last year netted a record sum for her, while France laid claim to over 2,000,000 visitors—it is true that the world for which Baedeker catered has mostly melted away. That was essentially an international world of the middle class, among whom the cultured and knowledgeable did not disdain to venture as readers.

The Baedeker world was one which knew what it wanted to do and had the means and the liberty to do it. What it got from the guides was the ready-made "know-how" and a potential harvest of beauty and interest.

"They save the reader time, money and many an annoyance" runs a long-past preface. "Reliable and impartial, they relieve him of the necessity of verbal enquiries and a dependance on advertisement folders and the like. . . . The mass of detail is certainly not meant to lead the traveller into a senseless hustle through all the 'sights' of a country. The intelligent user of the guide-book will be able to make many discoveries of his own by following his own inclinations and special interests."

The Baedeker family used to make a point of incognito visits to hotels, when they noted the minutest details of management, as only Germans can.

"The information on hotels is based on personal experience by the staff and on large numbers of annotated hotel-bills with which travellers have long been in the habit of favouring us. We do not doubt that equally comfortable accommodation may be sometimes obtainable elsewhere, but our mention is a sign of confidence.

"Perfect accuracy is impossible in a guide-book, which sets out to impart information regarding so many things that are liable to constant change."

Ah weh! I have been glancing at a pre-war Baedeker of Germany and it contains not only a full-scale introduction to the Nazi Party and its works, but a list of sixty German cities and towns, few of which are still standing in anything like their entirety. They vary from the wreckage of Berlin, whose "sights" used to rate forty or fifty pages, to the half-standing town of Bonn, now cast to be the first capital of West Germany.

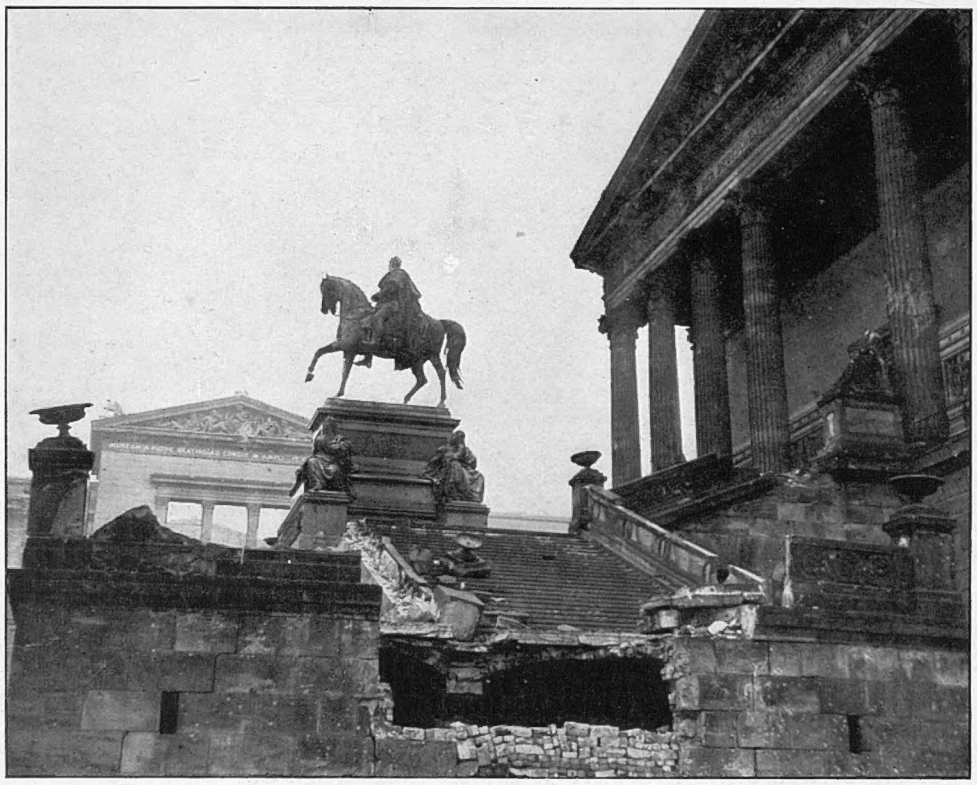
Indeed, perusal of the sad and distressing list suggests that such curiosities, and the meagre number of places that had the luck to get through whole, will constitute the principal additions to the new Baedeker for Germany. Thus it will be written that the former "Oxford" of the Hohenzollerns was chosen by the victorious Western Allies as the forcing-house of a new German democracy; that Baden-Baden became practically a French town; that Potsdam passed into history as marking the parting of the ways between East and West; that Heidelberg was the most crowded, and Americanised, centre in Germany.

But will the description of Lübeck's loss and injury be followed by a note to the effect that blitz visits were paid by the Luftwaffe, in retaliation, to Exeter, Bath, York and Canterbury, and that the English christened such exploits "Baedeker raids"?

Was it the dreary prospect even of a young Ruhr that fired Karl Baedeker the First to strike out on a new line and set forth the charm and interest of the German lands? His father was a printer and publisher at Essen, but the son went up the Rhine to Coblenz for the issue of his first edition. That was in 1842, and it was written for diligence days—and about the oft-recalled, happy, contented Germany of the small States and Principalities, which was so soon to die.

Baedeker's first sorties beyond Germany were to Paris, then London. By the 1930's fifty countries had been covered, all over the world, from Canada to the Sudan. The first Paris guide was dated 1865 and there had been twenty editions by 1932. There's still more than a touch of "The Last Time I Saw Paris" about the last. Paris, you are told, can be comfortably visited for a daily cost of 70 to 100 francs (at 124 to the £) but *sans plaisir*. As for anything like that—"It is easy to spend 200 francs or more without being guilty of extravagance."

Prices for hotels, restaurants, everything, are set down with a finality and a moderation that alike seem to hail from some wonderland. The Riviera? Seven pounds return, second class, from London, and a host of hotels where one could sojourn indefinitely for anything from 60 to 140 francs a day. More cheaply still, "if you know the language and the country" (how true that still remains).



THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM IV DOMINATES THE APPROACH TO BERLIN'S NATIONAL GALLERY, WHICH STANDS ON THE ISLAND FORMED IN THE CENTRE OF THE BLOCKADED CITY BY THE RIVER SPREE AND THE KUPFERGRABEN CANAL: There statues and sculptures are exposed beneath gaping roofs, and month by month the weather is slowly rounding off the work of the devastating Allied raids and the last phases of the Battle for Berlin. The National Gallery, which stands in the Soviet Sector of Berlin, was described in typical fashion by Karl Baedeker in his sixth edition of *Berlin and its Environs*: "To the east of the New Museum, in the centre of a square surrounded with Doric colonnades and embellished with flower-beds, rises the National Gallery designed by Stüler in accordance with a plan of Frederick William IV, and built by Strack in 1867-76. The building is of red sandstone, erected in the form of a Corinthian temple, 206 ft. long and 102 ft. wide, elevated on a basement 39 ft. in height. At the south end is a portico of eight columns approached by an imposing flight of steps, and at the north end is a semi-circular apse. At the top of the flight of steps is an equestrian figure of Frederick William IV, by Calandrelli (1886), with allegorical figures of religion, history, science and art on the pedestal"

Currency, incidental expenses, passports, Customs—all were accommodated in half a page. And to think that we complained about the visas! An inquisitive American recently discovered there were 121 separate questions to be answered on the visa application forms now necessary to his countrymen.

Britain wants to know where you spent the last fourteen nights; Italy requires information about beards, if any; Bolivia is concerned with your wife's religion, and Brazil with your education and ethnic origin. Nearly all have various forms of asking whether you are in transit, and whether you have return tickets. New Zealand wants to know how long you've been with your present firm, and Czechoslovakia gets straight to business by asking what type of merchandise you are going to buy.

Eire is concerned about your dependants, France wants to know where you were married, and Belgium can't resist asking when you were married. Oddly enough, no country is curious as to where you spent your honeymoon, which could surely be a revealing addition to the files in many an instance.

I'll refrain from harrowing the intending traveller with a recapitulation of the currency troubles he's likely to get into if feeling at all foot-loose—he'll be lucky if he's not either marooned or looked upon as a criminal—and of the prison routine of the average Customs shed.

The simple truth is that tourists have become economic chattels in a world bleating about co-operation, but which places near the bottom of the list one of the principal things calculated to bring it about: the circulation of ordinary men and women in the foreign countries of their choice.

Herr Baedeker the Fourth thinks the guide-book of the future is likely to evolve in the direction of the travel handbook. He presumably has in mind a species of vade-mecum well laced with actuality, replete with details of how the traveller can defend himself in this and that country, and constantly kept up-to-date with respect to the heightening or lowering of barriers by Governments, to keep tourists out or let them in.

One foresees divers novelties in the New Baedeker.

To begin with, the long-winded, Germanic texts of the past will need to be violently compressed and reshaped. To-day's tourists who have been granted the "concession" to travel would get through most of their money before they got through the average old-time Baedeker.

The liberal space heretofore given to hotel terms and restaurant prices will be free, since any keeping up with them would be purely illusory. Into the space saved can go a catalogue of all the offences to which a traveller exposes himself, both in the country of his sojourning and upon his return home from it.

Then, I'm afraid "the art stuff" will have to be cut. It used to be too massive, anyway, and space will have to be found for round-ups of local information never before essayed: details of how people live, what they work at, do, their characteristics and relaxations. I am thinking of the hundred Yorkshire miners who are to descend by air on Le Touquet for their annual day's outing, with their own cask of Yorkshire-brewed ale—for so it will probably be arranged in this egalitarian age.

Are you there, Herr Baedeker? Listen. "We want to see everything that your resort can offer, because it will be a new experience for us all. We are ending our day with a dinner and a real French cabaret."

Space will have to be found to deal with shortages—when to bring a towel along in one's luggage, ditto soap, and so on. This section could include a history of the black market in the country being dealt with, together with its latest manifestations and shadings (grey, parallel) if any.

The decline in morality will need additional elucidation in some cases. Thus a Russian visitor was baffled by the following notices in a Glasgow hotel: "Do not put your shoes outside the door." "The Management are not responsible for your personal property." "Lock your door during the night."

Obviously much more attention will have to be given to food, since it has become the most-talked-of topic far and wide. I know two elderly people who look forward to the food of Luxembourg as the plum of their holiday; nor have they waited for permission to go there. A former naval officer jumped from a Chelsea roof because he thought people had the inborn right to go where they wanted to, and how I agree with him (though not with the jumping.)

Shopping is yet another branch that could and should be developed in the new Baedeker. It was hardly touched upon in the old save in certain introductory paragraphs.

All in all, Herr Baedeker the Fourth *has* got a job on hand, switching the world's guide-book to suit the cock-eyed tourist times. That no Germans are allowed to travel, except rare cases, should not deter a man whose grandfather glimpsed beauty from Essen.

No doubt he will make a start by revising his four German manuals, and just how much revision they will need we can well guess. The quartet were *Berlin and its Environs* (six editions), *Northern Germany* (seventeen editions), *Southern Germany* (thirteen editions), and *The Rhine* (eighteen editions).

A SENTRY OF THE ARAB LEGION STANDS GUARD AT THE QUAY-SIDE AT AKABA: Looking across the gulf to the mountains of the Sinai Peninsula and in the middle distance a British warship at anchor. At the beginning of January men of the Lincolnshire Regiment and the Royal Artillery reached Akaba, which stands near the point where three frontiers meet

OULTON'S FORCE IN THEIR TENTED CAMP AT AKABA: Men of the Lincolnshire Regiment who were rushed to the gulf port when the news of the Israeli successes in the Negev indicated a possible threat to Transjordan's supply port. The little port of Akaba has a fascinating history, going back to the days of Moses, and it was once the southernmost point of the Crusader kingdom

FIRST PICTURES FROM AKABA

The Arrival of British Troops at the Transjordanian Port of Supply

Fashoda and Agadir were outlandish spots which leapt to world-fame. Last week it seemed that Akaba might follow suit after Britain had rushed troops to the gulf port in the face of possible Israeli aggression. A force under Lieut.-Colonel Oulton, and hence named Oulton's Force, reached Akaba in quick time as the Israelis advanced southward through the Negev, overflowing momentarily into the Sinai Peninsula, and there the British infantry and gunners took up strategic positions. Meanwhile, arrangements for a cease-fire between Egypt and Israel went ahead, and there seemed to be a slight hope at any rate that Akaba might be allowed to sink back into its centuries-old obscurity without further to do

THE GUNNERS WERE THERE TOO—A FULLY MOBILE 20-MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN AND ITS CREW DEFENDING THE LINCOLNS' CAMP AT AKABA: *Left*—**A bombardier and his men in their emplacement. The gun has been mounted on cones, and layers for bearing and elevation are constantly on duty. A clip of eight shells is seen at the breech.** *Right*—**The mobile gun in its emplacement. The field telephone keeps the gunners in touch with headquarters**

THE GERMAN SCENE

Pastoral and Political News from Berlin and Dusseldorf

THE FIRST-FLOOR FARM : This pastoral scene comes from the heart of Berlin, where, in the Soviet Sector, ten minutes from the Brandenburg Tor, Karl von Gunten, a Swiss, follows an occupation originally fostered during the Hitler regime to ensure that fresh milk supplies were available to Berlin's children. Some twenty-five of these farms still exist in the city. Von Gunten's farmhouse is a converted dwelling in which the cows live "upstairs." Below them, in the area, several geese scratch contentedly. Fodder for these urban-minded cows comes from Von Gunten's hayfield, three hours by train from the "farm"

THE WESTERN BERLIN REGIME IS FORMALLY INAUGURATED : This was the scene in the town hall of the Borough of Schoneberg in the United States Sector of Berlin as the Commandants of the three Western Powers witnessed the inauguration of Herr Ernst Reuter as Senior Burgomaster of Berlin and of Dr. Otto Suhr—the seventy-eight-year-old Social Democrat who was named Chairman. The proceedings were marked by a quiet dignity and by a determination to uphold the right of the Assembly to act in the name of the whole city. No Russian representative from the Allied Kommandatura attended, and none was expected; but that the Assembly still thinks in terms of the Four-Power Government of Berlin was symbolically shown by the fact that in the vestibule the flag of the Soviet Union hung alongside those of Britain, the United States, France and the city. Moreover, the eleven seats which the Socialist Unity Party may claim, still remain open

HERR MAX REIMANN, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN WESTERN GERMANY, CARRIED SHOULDER-HIGH FROM A DUSSELDORF COURT : Reimann's case had just been adjourned. The charge brought against him by the British Military Government arises out of a speech made at a demonstration on January 2, when certain German political leaders were referred to as quislings. The scenes both in the court building, and subsequently in the streets, testified to the Communist plan to make Herr Reimann a political idol. Supporters swept a police cordon aside to acclaim him as "the real voice of Western Germany" for his determined opposition to the Ruhr Agreement and the Occupation Statute

THE THREE WESTERN COMMANDERS ATTEND THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW BERLIN ASSEMBLY : Colonel Frank L. Howley, of the United States, Major-General Edwin Herbert, of Great Britain, and Major-General Jean Ganeval, of France, at the meeting at the Schoneberg Town Hall, United States Sector, at which Herr Reuter was elected Senior Burgomaster

CHINA: THE DEATH OF A DYNASTY

Chiang Prepares for Flight to the Island of Formosa

GENERAL LI TSUNG-JEN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC, LEAVING THE MOMENTOUS MEETING AT WHICH GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK OUTLINED HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD COMPROMISE WITH THE COMMUNISTS: Since the New Year it has been freely rumoured that General Li might take over an Interim Government in China in the event of the Generalissimo abdicating, and it has also been suggested from many quarters that Chiang Kai-shek might make a last-ditch stand on the island of Formosa. Last week the Nationalist position in China deteriorated rapidly. It seemed that a separate peace was about to be made in North China, while the military situation round Nanking worsened hourly

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PREMIER OF THE DYING NATIONALIST REGIME: *Left*—Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek delivering his New Year message in which he offered to stand down from his high office "if the constitution is not violated, the entity of the armed forces is safeguarded and the people's free mode of living is protected." *Right*—Dr. Sun Fo, son of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the father of the Chinese Republic, who has completely identified himself with Chiang Kai-shek's policies

PREPARING FOR A LAST-DITCH STAND IN FORMOSA: Chinese soldiers engaged in battle-training on the island. They belong to two trusted divisions brought together by General Chen Cheng, Chiang Kai-shek's former Chief of Staff, who has just been appointed to be the Governor of the island

The fact that General Chen Cheng, trusted Chief of Staff to Chiang Kai-shek, has become Governor of Formosa and that Chiang's elder son Ching-Kuo, the Moscow-trained soldier who failed in his fight against Shanghai's Black Marketeers, has become the Kuomintang Provincial Chairman in the island, lends credence to the belief that Formosa will be the scene of Chiang's last stand. If and when Chiang does flee Nanking for Formosa, history will be repeating itself, for in the seventeenth century General Cheng Cheng-Kung (popularly known as Koxinga) and his "army of pirates and patriots" retired to Formosa to defy the Manchu invaders. After several desperate years of resistance, Koxinga's cause was lost, and the Manchus ruled over China until the 1911 revolution.

On left — **TAIPEH, THE CAPITAL OF FORMOSA: Here General Chen Cheng, close friend of Chiang Kai-shek, has set up his headquarters. It is understood that ordnance plants in the Shanghai-Nanking area have lately been moved to Formosa**

A Foreign News Survey

MAINLY POLITICAL

THE PREMIER WITH THREE PORTFOLIOS AND THREE SECRETARIES OF STATE, WHO HAS RULED IN FRANCE FOR OVER FOUR MONTHS AFTER A PERIOD OF CONSTANTLY CHANGING MINISTRIES : M. Henri Queuille, the Radical leader, seen during a holiday with his wife Marguerite on their estate at Cap D'Antibes. M. Queuille, in addition to being Prime Minister, holds the portfolios of Finance Minister and Minister of Economic Affairs. He has a vast secretariat to assist him, including three Secretaries of State. M. Queuille, who was born in 1884, was a doctor of medicine, represented his native town of Ussel (Corrèze) as Deputy from 1914 to 1935, and subsequently as Senator, and was between 1920 and 1940 a member of nineteen Governments, including Minister of Agriculture in the Herriot, Poincaré, Chautemps, Paul-Boncour, Daladier, Sarraut and Doumergue Cabinets, and Minister of Food Supplies in the last Reynaud Cabinet in 1940. He escaped from France to London in April 1943, joining General de Gaulle's National Liberation Committee in Algiers

THE BATTLE OF THE ANCIENTS : Marshal Oscar Carmona, for twenty-three years President of the Portuguese Republic, and who has been elected to the Presidency four times since 1926, will fight a fifth electoral battle in February when he runs against General Norton de Mattos, the eighty-two-year-old candidate of the official opposition

A STRANGE SANCTUARY RISES IN THE HEART OF ROME : In the Via Mirgagni, not far from the Central Hospital, a small sanctuary has arisen and hardly a day passes without some citizen or pilgrim adding a new "ex voto" to the host of cards already displayed at the shrine. The shrine came into being in March 1944 during a heavy American bombardment, when a man by the name of Barberini Silvio took refuge against the massive walls and prayed to the Virgin Mary. Although bombs fell all around him, he and his family remained uninjured. Some days later they placed on the walls the first *ex voto*, giving thanks to the Virgin, and from that time on the spot has been deemed miraculous

CHOCOLATE FOR ALL IN VIENNA—AT A PRICE : This display in a Vienna store typifies the vast amount of chocolate—all from Black Market sources—now on sale to the Austrian public. Prominent are blocks of Cadbury's "Bournville" and other milk chocolate from Britain. Several brands are Dutch. Austrian authorities have been able to do little about it, since most of the stock, they claim, comes from displaced persons who are said to obtain it in great quantities. So extensive has the supply become that prices have been cut by half in recent months. Ruling price for a 4-oz. block of Cadbury's chocolate is 6.50 schillings (about 2s. 6d.)

THE INDONESIAN REPUBLICAN LEADERS LEAVE JOGJAKARTA : This picture was taken on the Mguwo Airfield as President Soekarno, captured leader of the Indonesian Republic, and Dr. Hatta (left), the Prime Minister, were taken away by air to a place of safety. There has been considerable criticism of the Dutch treatment of the Indonesian leaders since they were captured

THE UNENVIABLE TASK OF HIS EXCELLENCY DR. BEEL : The Netherlands Representative in Indonesia (centre, wearing glasses) addressing a Press Conference in Batavia on the day following the news of the Dutch action in Java and Sumatra and the capture of the Indonesian capital of Jogjakarta. Dr. Beel was bombarded with questions and his room in the Koningsplein Palace was thronged with correspondents. Meanwhile, the Indonesian case placed before the Security Council of the United Nations tended to simmer down

NO MATTER HOW YOU SLICE IT THIS IS STILL A HOUSE : This was what happened after a sixteen-room dwelling on the East side of Cleveland, Ohio, had been divided into three portions for removal to another part of the city. This operation had to be performed, as neighbours complained that if the house was removed en bloc it would necessitate the uprooting of a number of much-prized trees. The original reason for the removal of the house was that it stood in the way of a new road improvement project. Joseph Delmond guaranteed his neighbours that in making the move the trees would not be affected. The rear section of the house is seen at left mounted on rollers, while in the background is the middle section, also mounted on rollers. In front of it is the main façade, the last to be moved

MRS. OKSANA KASENKINA PAYS A VISIT TO NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK : The fifty-two-year-old Russian school-teacher, who leapt to freedom from the Soviet Consulate in New York last August, seen feeding a squirrel during an afternoon stroll. She is convalescing from the injuries received as a result of her leap. Mrs. Kasenkina has paid her hospital expenses with the aid of funds obtained for writing her memoirs. She has refused the offer of a relative to provide a home for her in England

AN ORDEAL FOR AMERICA'S NEW SECRETARY OF STATE : Mr. Dean Acheson (seated on right) being questioned publicly by the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee in Washington, which had to consider his suitability for the post vacated by Mr. Marshall. At this first open meeting of the committee in the new Session all thirteen members were present, and Senator Connally (Democrat ; Texas) returned to the position which he held prior to the Republican victory in 1946. Senator Connally is seen seated centre, with Senator Arthur Vandenburg (Republican ; Michigan) on his right hand. In the background on the left is Mr. Edward Stettinius, the former Secretary of State. Public hearings of this kind, which are unusual in the United States with an appointment of such importance, are held in order that as much publicity as possible should be given to the official refutation of attacks on the person appointed. The attacks on Mr. Acheson had been considerable, one of them being to the effect that he had profited by the business done by his law firm at times when he had held public office. There had also been widespread criticism in the United States Press of Mr. Acheson's past friendly attitude towards Soviet Russia

THE AUSTRIAN PRETENDER PAYS A VISIT TO SPAIN : The Archduke Otto of Habsburg (centre) seen at a Press Conference in Madrid at the residence of his host, the Count of Saldana. The Archduke, who was making a three-day stay in the Spanish capital, declared that he hoped to return to Vienna as soon as the occupation forces left Austria

ROLLING OFF THE PRODUCTION LINE : Some of the new German Volkswagens which are said to be providing strong competition for British cars in European markets. In raising this question, Mr. R. Gresham Cook, director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, declared recently that these cars, produced with cheap labour and, it is believed, sold abroad at lower prices than at home, may dominate the European markets. They have already made headway in Switzerland, Holland and Belgium

THE HIGH PRICE OF COAL HOLDS UP PART OF THE FISHING FLEET IN HAMBURG HARBOUR : Since November of last year these boats, comprising a fleet of fourteen, have been unable to put to sea. The vessels are over twenty-five years old and have a very high fuel consumption. With the present price of fish on the German markets, they could not now operate at a profit

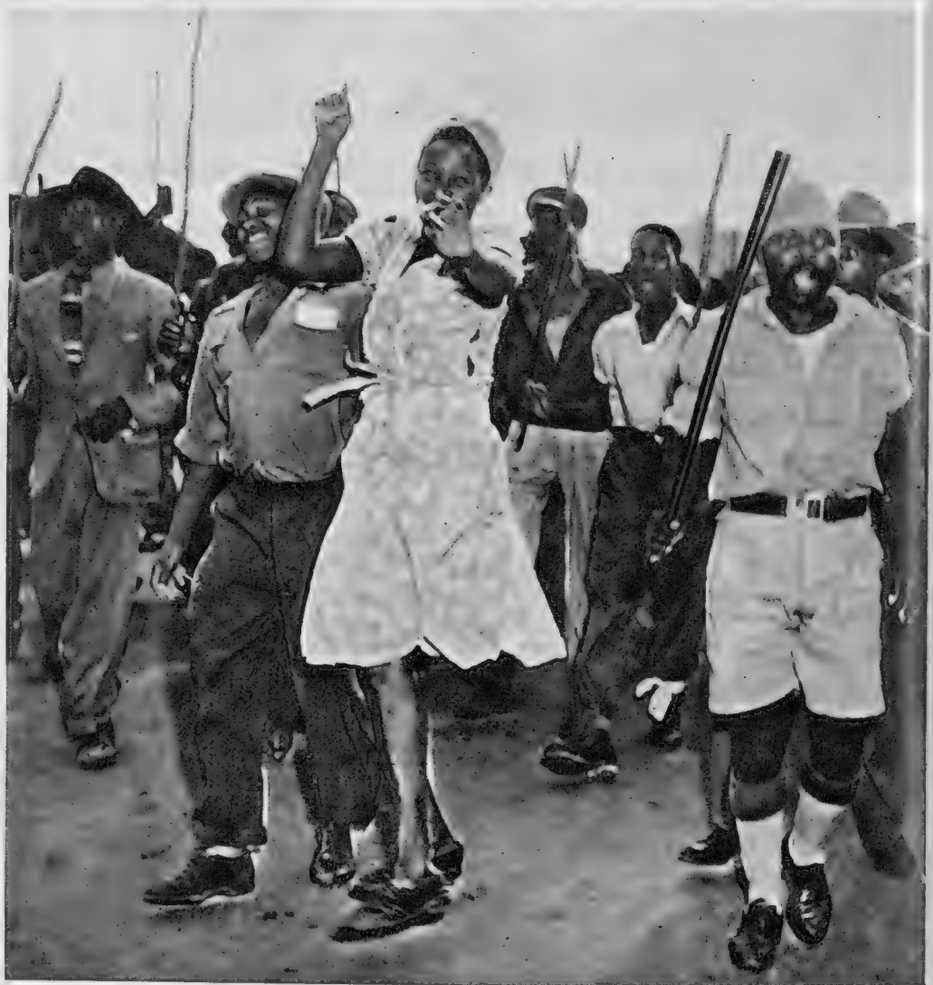
THE VANGUARD OF AN AFRICAN NATIVE ATTACK DURING THREE DAYS OF ANTI-INDIAN RIOTING IN THE STREETS OF DURBAN: Armed with sticks, they swept down the streets in the Indian quarter, burning, looting and killing as they went in an outburst of hatred bred of the fact that they have been exploited by certain classes of Indian trader. The death-roll was over 100

THE DURBAN RACE RIOTS

A New and Ugly Precedent in South Africa

Dr. Malan has announced that the Government will appoint a commission of inquiry to investigate the causes of the Durban riots. In many ways the riots were wholly unexpected, the degree of anti-Indian feeling was not fully realised, and those in South Africa who are working so hard against the Nationalist theory of native segregation feel that a bitter blow has been dealt against their hopes. One native spokesman declared after the riots: "The Indians have exploited us in business too long."

BEWILDERED AFTER A NIGHT OF HORROR: An aged Indian and two young people present a pitiful sight as they rest with their few belongings in a refugee camp



SPURRED ON BY THE MOB SPIRIT: A young native woman, gaudily clad in a print frock, heads a party of anti-Indian rioters during an attack on property in the area of Durban market. As a result of the three days of rioting more than 370 non-Europeans, mostly Africans, were put into prison to await trial. About 25,000 Indians were forced to enter the refugee camps

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GARRY DAVIS ORGANISATION : The Hotel des Etats Unis, where the young American has established his Secretariat. Once labelled as a crank who camped on the United Nations doorstep, he is now the leader of a surging popular movement

THE SELF-STYLED CITIZEN OF THE WORLD : Garry Davis, who has set up his headquarters at the Hotel des Etats Unis, Boulevard de Montparnasse

THE FIRST WORLD CITIZEN at his PARIS H.Q.

Organising His Growing Following

Everybody enjoyed the picture *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, the story of the little man who fought for all the under-dogs when wealth came his way. Well, Garry Davis, self-styled Citizen of the World, has all the aspect of a Mr. Deeds in real life, and he maintains the little man legend by often wearing U.S. Army trousers and a brown flyer's jacket. When he first camped out on the doorstep of the United Nations at the Palais de Chaillot, Davis was regarded as a crank, an eccentric freak. Since his two monster meetings in Paris at the Salle Pleyel and the Velodrome d' Hiver, where he had the support of Albert Camus, André Gide and Jean Paul Sartre, he has become an international figure. Davis, who is seen in these pictures at his headquarters in Montparnasse, puts forward the principles of world federation and plans to hold world elections if possible by 1950. He asks sympathisers to write to him, and in due course will be opening a register of electors. At the moment Davis is receiving letters at the rate of 800 a day, and with each passing week the pace quickens.

SPREADING THE GOSPEL OF GARRY DAVIS : Two voluntary helpers with copies of *Peuple du Monde*, the paper which outlines the internationalist theories advanced by the young American whom France has labelled Le Petit Homme

THE SECRETARIAT : The information panel showing who 's who in Davis's Association for the International Registry of World Citizens and Peoples Assembly

LE PETIT HOMME AND SOME OF HIS CO-WORKERS : Garry Davis, one-time Broadway gadabout, wartime bomber pilot and son of Society Bandleader Meyer Davis, with members of his staff at the Hotel des Etats Unis. On the left are Claude Edelman and Charles Eichler, and on the right Renee Solansky (Davis's secretary) and Russell Benedict, the press agent

THE BOEING STRATOFREIGHTER JOINS THE BERLIN AIR-LIFT: The C 97 cargo plane, the latest freighter of the United States Air Force, will shortly replace the C 54 as the chief cargo carrier on the Berlin run. The C 97 carries a 20-ton load, while the C 54 carries just half of that. It will be some time yet before these big planes are in general operation, because only three of them are at the moment in service. Another even larger freighter in the Berlin air-lift is the C 74, the Douglas Globemaster, which is capable of carrying 22 tons of freight at one time. The C 97 is apparently preferred by the powers that be

THE TWIN-JET FIGHTER WITH A MILE-A-MINUTE CLIMB: This experimental Beryl-Meteor has reached a height of 7½ miles in 7½ minutes. In the first minute it climbed two miles, in a minute-and-a-half it was nearly three miles high, and in three minutes it had climbed five miles. Climbs better than those of the Beryl-Meteor have hitherto only been possible with rocket aircraft, of which one is the American Bell X 1

ON THE WORLD'S SKYWAYS

Developments in Air Lines, Freighters, and Fighters

The Boeing Stratocruiser and its cargo-carrying military version, the Boeing Stratofreighter, are both very much in the news, the former as a luxury liner for the New York-London run and the latter as a coming addition to the Berlin air-lift. They are both shown in action on this page.

CAPTAIN BILL ODOM ACHIEVES A TRANS-PACIFIC HOP: The celebrated flyer seen passing over the northern end of San Francisco Bay after completing the over-water lap of his proposed 5,300-mile non-stop flight from Hawaii to New York. Owing to head winds, Captain Odom expended more petrol over the Pacific than he anticipated, and he decided not to risk taking his comparatively light plane over the Sierras

A BOEING STRATOCRUISER, CIVILIAN VERSION OF THE STRATOFREIGHTER, FLYING ABOVE THE CLOUDS—ONE OF THE NEW TRANSATLANTIC PLANES WITH WHICH PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS HOPE TO SPEED UP THEIR SERVICE THIS YEAR: On the London-New York route the 75-seater airliners will cut out stops at Gandar and Shannon, and will travel non-stop at 340 m.p.h. in twelve hours. Below the main cabin in the Stratocruiser there is a cocktail bar and lounge which can accommodate fourteen people. In the galley are two stoves, four refrigerators and seven 6-gallon liquid containers; seventy-five passengers can be fed three times during the twelve-hour journey. In the forward part of the lower deck seats can be made up into twenty-eight bunks. Air inside the machine is changed every ninety seconds. Businessmen who wish to talk privately can have the use of an 8-seater state-room in the Stratocruiser

VICTIMS OF TIME

A New Lease of Life for Ruxley Old Church and Rufford Old Hall

A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH TO BE PRESERVED : Ruxley Old Church, near Foot's Cray, Kent, for the preservation of which Chislehurst and Sidcup Urban District Council has made an Order, under Section 29 of the Town and Country Planning Act, in view of its architectural and historical interest. The ancient church, which was last used for ecclesiastical purposes in the sixteenth century, was damaged by enemy action in 1944. Ruxley was "Head" of the Hundred of Ruxley (called "Helmestrei" in the Domesday Book), which includes Chislehurst, Orpington, Bexley and part of the boroughs of Bromley and Beckenham. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the De Rokeskey family occupied the manor house of Ruxley (no longer extant), then adjacent to the church. Ruxley Church is mentioned in the *Textus Roffensis* of A.D. 1115. In 1557 Sir Martin Bowes, owner of the manor (and also a Lord Mayor of London), petitioned for the closing of the church and the Faculty for this, bearing the signature of Cardinal Pole, is preserved in the Diocesan Registry at Rochester. The building, as now seen, dates from the thirteenth century. Its most interesting features are a carved piscina and sedilia. The windows and west door are blocked

THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO RUXLEY OLD CHURCH : The porch as it appears today. Modern brickwork flanks the entrance and is breaking away from the main fabric

CHELSEA EMBANKMENT LOSES SOME OF ITS LAMP STANDARDS—A REPAIR JOB THAT HAS CAUSED UNNECESSARY CONCERN : When alarm was expressed at the disappearance of these standards, the London County Council Engineers' Department hastened to let it be known that only the unsafe lamps are being removed for repairs. There is every intention that they shall be restored along the river wall, but no date has yet been ascertained when this will be done. With their foliated bases and twisted shafts supporting globes of glass, the standards are very fine specimens of Victorian cast-iron work. They are also the source of the glowing curve of light which is one of London's recognised beauties. Chelsea Embankment was opened by the Duke of Edinburgh in 1874, and the granite wall and the lamp standards that embellish it, together with the present Battersea Bridge, were among the works carried out at this time under Sir Joseph Bazalgette, chief engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works. In the left background of this picture is Chelsea Bridge and on the right is the Battersea Power Station

A FINE SPECIMEN OF VICTORIAN CAST-IRON WORK : Workmen removing one of the unsafe lamp standards along the river wall of the Chelsea Embankment. It was during the '70's of the last century when the complete transformation of the northern bank of the river took place

RUFFORD OLD HALL, A MASTERPIECE IN BLACK-AND-WHITE, IS NOW UNDERGOING REPAIRS : *Left*—A view from the south-west, showing damaged timbering and (*right*) the brick wing, added in 1662, and a corner of the Great Hall. Rufford Old Hall, six miles north of Ormskirk and twelve miles south of Preston, an early Tudor building of timber and plaster panels, was presented in 1936 to the National Trust by Lord Hesketh. It is now undergoing repair, the timbers of the west front having become badly decayed and part of the plasterwork having crumbled. The Great Hall is remarkable for its unusual hammer-beam roof and its massive movable screen. One wing contains a very interesting folklore museum presented in 1946 by Mr. Philip Ashcroft

A BRIGHTER OUTLOOK IN BELGRAVE SQUARE—REDECORATING THE SQUARE WHICH HAS TENDED TO FALL INTO DECAY IN THE PAST DECADE: A view of the north side of the Square with some of the houses resplendent in a new coat of paint. The restoration of Belgrave Square will take many months yet, but it typifies what is now happening in nearly all the squares and residential streets of West London. Belgrave Square was built in 1825

BRIGHTER LONDON

Repainting and Repair Operations Go Ahead Swiftly

What struck many American visitors to England last summer was the extraordinary shabbiness of many of London's squares. Every house, almost without exception, required a coat of paint. Painting work is now going ahead at noticeable speed, and it will assuredly be a brighter London that greets the hoped-for tourist crowds in the summer of 1949, nearly ten years after the world convulsion which made London the shabbiest of capitals

TOWARDS A BRIGHTER BLOOMSBURY—DECORATORS AT WORK IN THE SQUARES TO THE NORTH OF HOLBORN AND NEW OXFORD STREET: *Left*—Scaffolding on No. 13, Bedford Square, where painting and decoration are taking place. No. 12, next door, was once the home of Sir George Thomas Smart, the celebrated musical conductor who officiated at the Coronations of King George IV, King William IV and Queen Victoria. *Right*—Painting work at Woburn Square. The Square has many literary and stage associations. In Regency and earlier days it formed part of the duelling ground known as the Field of the Forty Footsteps

A KING'S CROSS CINEMA AND A FAMOUS WEST END FURNITURE STORE CLOTHED IN SCAFFOLDING: Here are two more examples of restoration work which is now going ahead in every corner of London and has been aided by the comparatively mild weather of early winter. *On the right* is Waring and Gillow's

AT WORK ON THE FAÇADE OF FRASCATI'S: Another scene in Oxford Street, near the junction of Tottenham Court Road. During the past few weeks Oxford Street has been unusually animated as the sales have been revived very much on pre-war lines, and quantities of goods have been offered at half-coupon rate

ON THE CORNER OF CHESTER SQUARE AND ELIZABETH STREET: Reconstruction work in Pimlico, where decoration work is badly needed at the present time. Matthew Arnold was once among the distinguished inhabitants of Chester Square, but moved out to Harrow owing to the increasing size of his family

GUILDFORD'S PART-COMPLETED CATHEDRAL

And the Threat to 300-Year-Old Guildford Hospital

A MEMORIAL TO THE LATE ERIC GILL : This raised relief of the Crucifixion on the exterior of the East wall of the part-completed Guildford Cathedral was begun by Eric Gill and has now been completed as a memorial to him by one of his pupils, Mr. Anthony Foster

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL ON STAG HILL : A view of the part-completed building showing the St. Ursula Porch on the south front which has just been fitted with its bronze doors. The porchway is a gift from a citizen of Whitby in memory of his wife Ursula. The stately but incomplete cathedral stands on Stag Hill, a spur of the Hog's Back, on the outskirts of Guildford. Construction work, which was suspended during the war, is being resumed on a small scale. Permission was given last summer for roofing the south transept above the children's chapel at a cost of £4,500. It was arranged that the concrete arches should be built on new wooden centring and shuttering in replacement of earlier timber work which deteriorated during the war. The foundation-stone of the Cathedral was laid in 1936, and one-third had been completed when construction work was halted by the war

THE MENACE TO A CELEBRATED GUILDFORD BUILDING : The 300-year-old Guildford Hospital of The Blessed Trinity, known to thousands of visitors as Abbot's Hospital, which has been attacked by the death watch beetle. The boardroom, the staircase leading to the muniment room where the Duke of Monmouth was lodged on his way to the Tower of London after his defeat at Sedgmoor in 1685, the roofing, the banqueting hall, staircases and turrets are affected. The turreted hospital standing in Guildford's cobbled High Street, with apartments for pensioners on either side of the quadrangle, was founded in 1619 by George Abbot, a native of Guildford, who was Archbishop of Canterbury

THE EAST END OF GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL : This picture shows where the Eric Gill memorial sculpture has been placed in position above the Rose window. The land on Stag Hill, on which the cathedral was erected, was the gift to the Guildford diocese of the late Lord Bennett of Calgary and Mickleham

THE APARTMENTS FOR ELDERLY PENSIONERS AT GUILDFORD HOSPITAL: The building looks sturdy enough from without, but within the damaged timber plainly tells the tale of deterioration. Mr. Duncan Scott, the architect, is watching over the building

RESTORING the FAMOUS CARVED OAK SCREEN of MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL

Although damage to Middle Temple Hall was severe, it has been found possible to repair it, and the famous hall, when work is completed, will be much as it was after it was built in 1572. Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was played in Middle Temple Hall before Queen Elizabeth in 1602, six months after the first performance at The Globe Theatre, and it is thought that Shakespeare himself took part. The unique carved oak screen dates from 1575 and the doors were added in 1671. Two interesting but false theories have been advanced concerning the screen. One that it was said to be an exact copy of the Strand front of old Somerset House: the other that it was constructed from timber used in ships of the Spanish Armada. It has been established, however, that the screen was set up in 1575, thirteen years before the Armada was organised.

THE DOORS OF THE FAMOUS OAK SCREEN OF MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL: The screen, which dates from 1575, was crushed by falling masonry when the hall was hit by a bomb in 1940. The damage, although severe, can, as in the structure of the hall itself, be repaired, and expert wood craftsmen are now piecing together the fragments

SORTING FRAGMENTS OF THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY OAK SCREEN: Mr. H. D. Barber is seen as he works on the task of reconstructing the screen from the various parts which were preserved after the bombing in 1940

THE SCREEN BEGINS TO TAKE ITS FORMER SHAPE: Middle Temple Hall was completed in 1572 and is considered to be one of the finest specimens of an Elizabethan hall in the country. The restoration of its famous hammer-beam roof has been dealt with in previous issues of "The Sphere." When the rubble was cleared after the bombing, pieces of carved oak from the screen were sorted out and stored in sacks until work began on its restoration

The PONDOLAND "BRIDE"

Ceremonial at the Coming-of-Age of a Young Girl of Indali, in the South-east of the Cape Province

TSHUDWANA, THE BRIDE-TO-BE, WITH HER AUNT, THE LATTER WEARING AN OLD "BRASSO" TIN AS ORNAMENT: As the day nears, chosen by the wise old men of the tribe who understand the stars as being propitious for her coming-of-age, Tshudwana is carefully chaperoned by her aunt, who is well versed in the ways of the world. On that day she will become a "bride," although her actual betrothal might not yet be decided—she will be an "eligible young Pondo lady." There will be feasting in the kraal, and beer-drinking and dancing. All the people from the neighbouring kraals will attend the ceremony, though she herself will not be allowed to take part in it. According to the custom of her people she will have to remain for twenty-eight days in a darkened hut behind a wicker screen lest, in that time, when she is most vulnerable to the influence of evil spirits, she might come under their spell and be condemned to lead an unhappy life with an ugly husband

THE WHOLE VILLAGE CELEBRATES THE COMING-OF-AGE OF TSHUDWANA, WHO NOW BECOMES AN ELIGIBLE BRIDE: Fires are kindled with gum-tree wood and the blue smoke has a spicy odour, like incense. The men squat round the fires cooking the meat, which they hold over the red embers on pointed sticks. In honour of the bride the right shoulder of the slaughtered animal is cut off and placed in the darkened hut where she lies. Meanwhile the villagers go ahead with the feast

STRONG MEDICINE AGAINST EVIL SPIRITS: One of the elder sisters of the bride brings in the gall bladder of the slaughtered steer and squeezes the bitter juice into Tshudwana's hands. She then rubs it over her face

In the vast areas of the Transkei, that part of South-Eastern Cape Province which abuts on Natal, there are over 1,000,000 natives and less than 20,000 whites. There native customs survive untainted. A typical Transkei village in Pondoland is Indali, and the pictures on this page show the coming-of-age of Tshudwana, a girl of the village. It is an all-day ceremony, with much elaborate ritual, much drinking, much feasting, and a great deal of dancing. The only person who gets no fun out of the ceremony is Tshudwana herself, who is compelled to lie in her hut listening to the songs raised in her honour and to the general cacophony of festivity.

THE PARTY GETS UNDER WAY: The dancers who have been specially invited to the initiation ceremony arrive in the village. They come across the grasslands singing, their supple bodies swaying to the rhythm of their song. They carry over their shoulders kerries with a hardwood knot

NOW THE KRAAL IS WILD WITH EXCITEMENT AS THE DANCERS WHIP THEMSELVES INTO A FRENZY: As they dance they sing the praises of Tshudwana. The shrill laughter of the women mingles with the hilarity of the men, and wisecracks, not unconnected with the ceremony of the day, are bandied about. As the day wears on the beer gives out, and all except the bride, locked in her hut, abandon themselves to the dance

WITH THE DYING LIGHT OF EVENING THE OLDER FOLK SINK TO THE GRASS AND EXCHANGE THE GOSSIP OF THE KRAAL: Only the young keep up the rhythmic dance, and before nightfall they too will subside. Among the dancers are the "red men," the unmarried youths from the surrounding kraals, who always derive particular enjoyment from these coming-of-age celebrations

EVACUATING CASUALTIES BY AIR

The Demonstration of New Methods at Brize Norton

In the Second World War, an attempt was made to bring the doctor to the battlefield, and it was notably successful. But it was found that speedy evacuation was none the less essential, and to this work the medical chiefs of the Services are now devoting their fullest attention. Last week's demonstration at Brize Norton showed the virtues of helicopter evacuation from forward areas, with the aid of the outboard stretcher, and of large-scale evacuation in Hastings freighters. A variety of light and heavy aircraft were on view, and the three Directors-General saw some of them in action. They even boarded a glider, and sat in it while it was snatched from the ground by a tow-rope. They underwent this experience to decide whether injured men would be affected adversely by the jolt of such a sudden take-off

THE WORK OF THE STACATRUC IN OPERATION: Casualties being hoisted to the stretcher compartments of a Hastings transport. This picture, together with the others on this page, was taken during last week's demonstration of the air evacuation of casualties held at the R.A.F. Station at Brize Norton, Oxfordshire, and watched by the Directors-General of the Navy, Army and R.A.F. Medical Services

THE WOUNDED ARE TRANSFERRED TO A HASTINGS AIR AMBULANCE: The helicopter having been used to bring them from the forward areas, the casualties, after receiving medical attention, are lifted by means of the Stacatruc into the great transport, which takes twenty-eight stretcher cases. The casualties will be flown on from here to the base hospital

HOW THE SIKORSKY HOVERFLY HELICOPTER PLAYS ITS PART IN THE EVACUATION OF CASUALTIES: *Left*—A casualty is strapped to the external stretcher at the start of a flight from the forward battle areas to the nearest point where proper medical attention can be provided. *Right*—The Sikorsky in flight with its outboard patient. This particular method was only one of many demonstrated before the chiefs of the Navy, Army and R.A.F. Medical Services. The external stretcher is mounted on tubular scaffolding beside the pilot's cockpit. By glancing through the window the pilot can keep a watch on his patient

NEWS from LONDON, the HOME COUNTIES and the WEST

THE ANNUAL RALLY OF THE MACLEODS IN LONDON : Mrs. Flora Macleod, of Macleod of Dunvegan, the head of the clan, with Mr. Charles Macleod, Mr. Alastair Macleod (honorary secretary of the London Branch), Lieut.-Colonel Bruce Macleod of Cadboll, and Dr. J. M. H. Macleod (right) at the Charing Cross Hotel. Among the guests at the rally, which was attended by 150 representatives of the clan, were John and Patrick Gordon, twin grandsons of the present chief. Mrs. Flora Macleod travelled to London from her home in Dunvegan, Skye, which has been occupied by her family continuously for over 800 years. "It 's not far to come for a gathering of the Macleods," she declared. "Last summer I flew to Nova Scotia to meet members of my clan"

THE CAMBERWELL LANDSLIDE : Men engaged in shifting ballast after a stretch of line between Zampa Road bridge and Bermondsey Station had sagged following the subsidence of the ground. The stretch of railway had been under observation for weeks, but in the course of one night 1,200 tons of earth slid down 5 ft., leaving the outside up-line and its sleepers exposed. When this picture was taken workmen were engaged in bolstering up the down-line to prevent a complete suspension of service. The landslide cracked a 30-ft. high retaining wall adjoining the bridge and pushed it out of perpendicular, burst open the wall of a timber and asbestos garage at the foot of the embankment and penetrated 3 ft. The wall saved a shop and a café from the full pressure exerted by the subsidence

THE COLLAPSE OF THE TEIFI SUSPENSION BRIDGE : Mr. James Roberts, with water washing round his feet, helping residents across the wrecked suspension bridge over the River Teifi at Llandyssul, Cardiganshire, shortly after it had collapsed. At the time of the collapse about fifty people were on their way across the river to the annual Old New Year's Day service at Llandyssul Church. A human chain was at once formed to rescue some of those on the bridge at the time of the collapse and who were in danger of being carried away by the swollen, fast-flowing river. They were all pulled to the bank, wet but unhurt, and duly attended the service

FLASHBACK TO JANUARY 1948 : Churchgoers crossing the suspension bridge over the River Teifi en route to the Old New Year's Day service at Llandyssul. It was while they were crossing together for this year's service that the collapse took place. The bridge links Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire

A RECENT ADDITION TO THE POLICE FORCE—THE MAGNET BOAT WHICH HAS LATELY MADE ITS BOW : The boat, which is to be used for dragging rivers and waterways, is fitted with a permanent magnet for locating metal objects on the river-bed

DISPLAYING THE IMPLEMENTS OF THE MAGNET BOAT : Three members of the River Police preparing for a demonstration on the Thames at Wapping. Each of these three men has had over twelve years' service with the Royal Navy. The magnet boat, which is a shallow rowing-boat fitted with a magnet for drawing metal objects to the surface, was obtained from the Army and converted into its present state under the directions of Superintendent Batson, of the Thames River Police. It is 10½ ft. in length and is kept at Wapping until required. The light weight of the boat enables the crew of three to lift it on to a lorry when being dispatched to an inland waterway for dragging

THE IRON HAND OF "MODERN DISCIPLINE" MAKES ITS PRESENCE FELT IN MAYFAIR: A battle royal in progress in the basement of the quiet convent in Bourdon Street, just off Berkeley Square. There half-a-dozen boys and girls scream, shout, fling furniture across the room with ear-splitting crashes, paint the walls and themselves—any colour they like—in fact, do practically anything they wish. They are made to do this as punishment. It is medicine—the best possible medicine—according to the psychiatrists, and is known as "play therapy" for the children, who are known by the law as "juvenile delinquents." The basement is part of the large Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, where children "play" delinquent tendencies out of their systems

THE 400-LB. PLANE, HOME-MADE FOR £100, IS AIRBORNE FOR THE FIRST TIME: Piloted by his friend Mr. Colin Debenham, an ex-R.A.F. pilot, this ultra-light aircraft, seen in flight at Elstree Aerodrome, was made by Mr. Robert Henry Parker, a thirty-nine-year-old draughtsman air enthusiast. Taking him three years to build in his spare time, he first began making it twelve years ago, but was interrupted by the war. The initial cost was a second-hand 24-h.p. engine and materials amounting to £100, and work began at the garage of his home in East Mount Road, Esher. Flights with the home-made machine have been made up to 100 ft. in height between 40 and 50 m.p.h., with a landing speed of less than 30 m.p.h. Known as the Heath Parasol Wing (an American design), the aircraft weighs less than a powerful motor-cycle

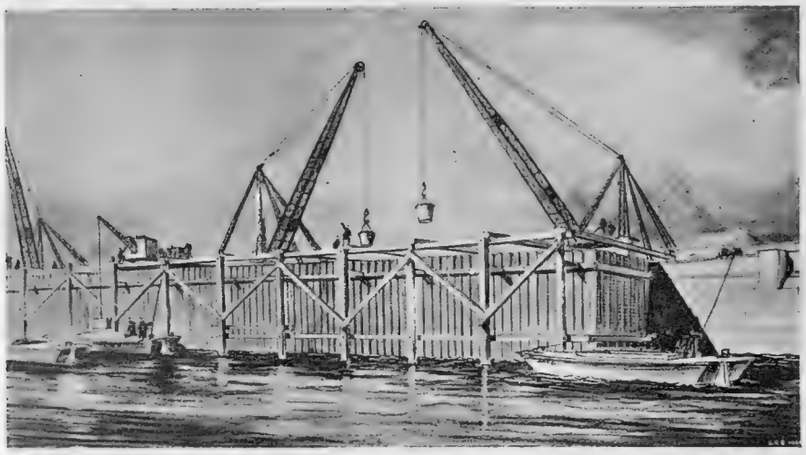
LAY-OUT FOR A MODERN SCHOOL: This model of the Chislehurst-Sidcup-Blackfen School for Boys, which is being built on the Lamorbey Park Golf Course, is on view at the "Schools To-morrow" Exhibition at the Lamorbey Park Education Centre, Sidcup, Kent. The architect of the school is Mr. E. B. Musman, who is working in collaboration with Mr. H. H. Loweth, the Kent County architect. The exhibition, which has been arousing a great deal of local interest, is a two-in-one show, combining the touring "New Schools" Exhibition of the Royal Institute of British Architects and a striking collection of models and pictures belonging to Kent County Council

NEARLY EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN IS FOR EXPORT: A busy scene in the studios of Mr. Arthur Miller, a fifty-nine-year-old engineer of Hartlip, near Sittingbourne, who plans to collect more than £12,000 worth of orders for Britain with his new idea for making flowers from metallised leather. After eight years of experimenting with various formulæ for artificial flower-making, Mr. Miller has finally evolved his method for producing fragile-looking flowers by plating leather with a thin coating of aluminium. Buyers from the United States and the Continent comment on the flowers as having no equal anywhere else in the world, for, apart from the beauty, they are non-inflammable, washable and exceptionally strong

THE COTSWOLD WOOL-GATHERERS: Children and farmers' wives of the Cotswold village of Laverton, near Broadway, are making their own winter woollies from wool left by sheep on the hedges. Under the voluntary instruction of Miss Mary Osborn and Miss Judith Honneger, two residents, about sixteen children and thirty adults have learnt how to spin, dye, weave and make garments from the raw wool gathered around their homes, and, *on left,* **some of the children are seen engaged in gathering the raw material.** *On right,* **Miss Honneger is seen giving instruction in teasing and carding. The children have made their own gloves, hoods, pullovers, scarves and socks from the wool they have gleaned. Some of the adults have made dresses and rugs from the free wool**

THE 33-ACRE SITE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1951 : This model of the area between the south approach to Waterloo Bridge on the east and the London County Council offices on the west, shows the site as it now is, and as development takes place during the next few years it will be altered accordingly. The model is included in the special display of prints, photographs, plans and models now being held at the London County Council headquarters in order to demonstrate the general scheme of development on the South Bank. The development is linked essentially with the great exhibition planned for 1951 in connection with the Festival of Britain

WORK STARTS ON THE NEW THAMES WALL



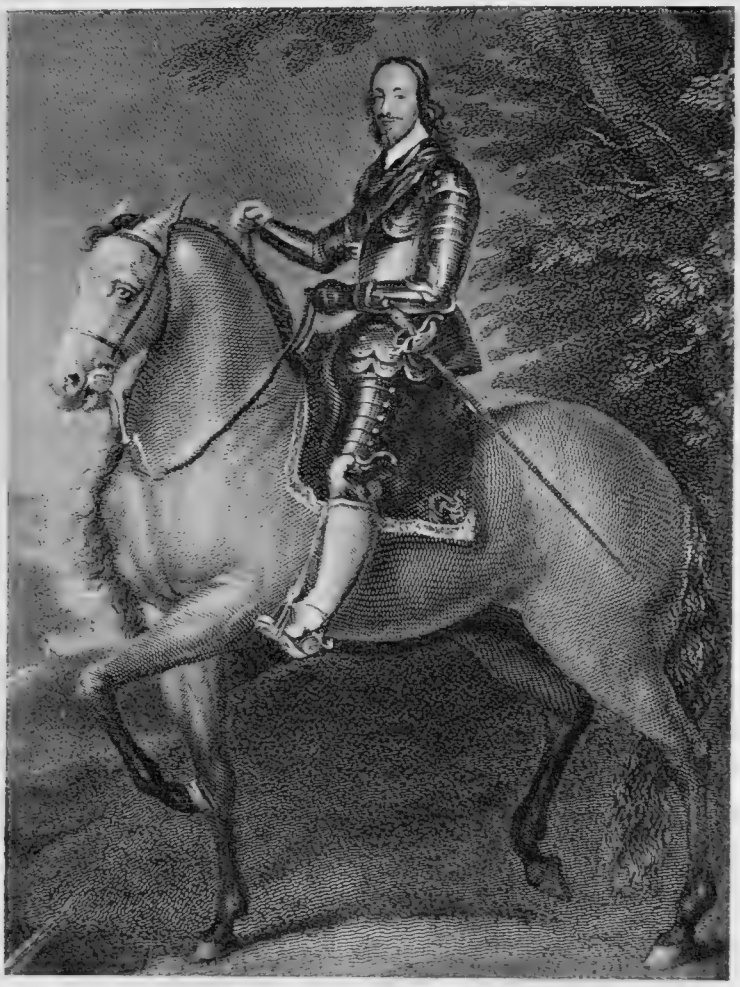
HOW THE NEW THAMES RIVER WALL WILL BE BUILT : An architect's drawing showing the coffer-dam behind which the builders will operate. The new wall will extend from the existing wall at County Hall to a point just downstream of Waterloo Bridge—a distance of 1,700 ft. It will follow the general curve of the river, but will be some 60 to 140 ft. in advance of the present river frontage, so that about 4½ acres of land will be reclaimed. Part of this reclaimed land will be later laid out as a public open space, so that Londoners will be able to enjoy a view of the sweeping curve of the Thames and its many activities

WORK BEGINS ON THE NEW THAMES WALL WHICH WILL RECLAIM A TOTAL OF 4½ ACRES : *Left*—A general view of the scene near County Hall as Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, was about to start the pneumatic hammer which drove in the first sheet-steel pile for the new embankment. *Right*—The hammer poised ready for its descent. This pile will, with others, form the outer face of one of the series of coffer-dams within which, after pumping, the new embankment will be built in sections. The toe of the wall, jutting forward under water, will rest against the steel piles, the upper parts of which will finally be cut off, leaving the lower ends sunk permanently in the London clay or ballast of the river-bed. Mr. W. R. Owen, Chairman of the L.C.C., who presided at preliminary speech-making, said that the work now begun, coupled with the County Hall embankment, would be, he believed, the first L.C.C. undertaking comparable with the achievements of its "much-maligned" forerunner, the Board of Works

CHARLES I WITH HIS CHILDREN: This is a fitting frontispiece to the second volume of Dr. Wingfield Stratford's three-volume life of King Charles I, which has been published to coincide with the 300th anniversary of the King's martyrdom. It points to the domestic virtues of Charles, which are apt to be overlooked in the face of his duplicity and his failure to govern in accord with his "absolute" ideas

THE MEN WHO BREATHED DEFIANCE AT THE THEORY OF DIVINE RIGHT: *Left*—The Protector Cromwell and (*right*) John Pym, the leader of the Short Parliament, who was so active in the preparation of the Grand Remonstrance which contained an exaggerated indictment of the King's political errors. It was he who first put forward the proposal to check the Royal power by making Members responsible to Parliament

CHARLES I AS PRINCE OF WALES: The second son of James I of England and of Scotland. He very soon fell under the influence of the young favourite Buckingham, and this phase of his career occupies a large part of the first of Dr. Wingfield Stratford's three books

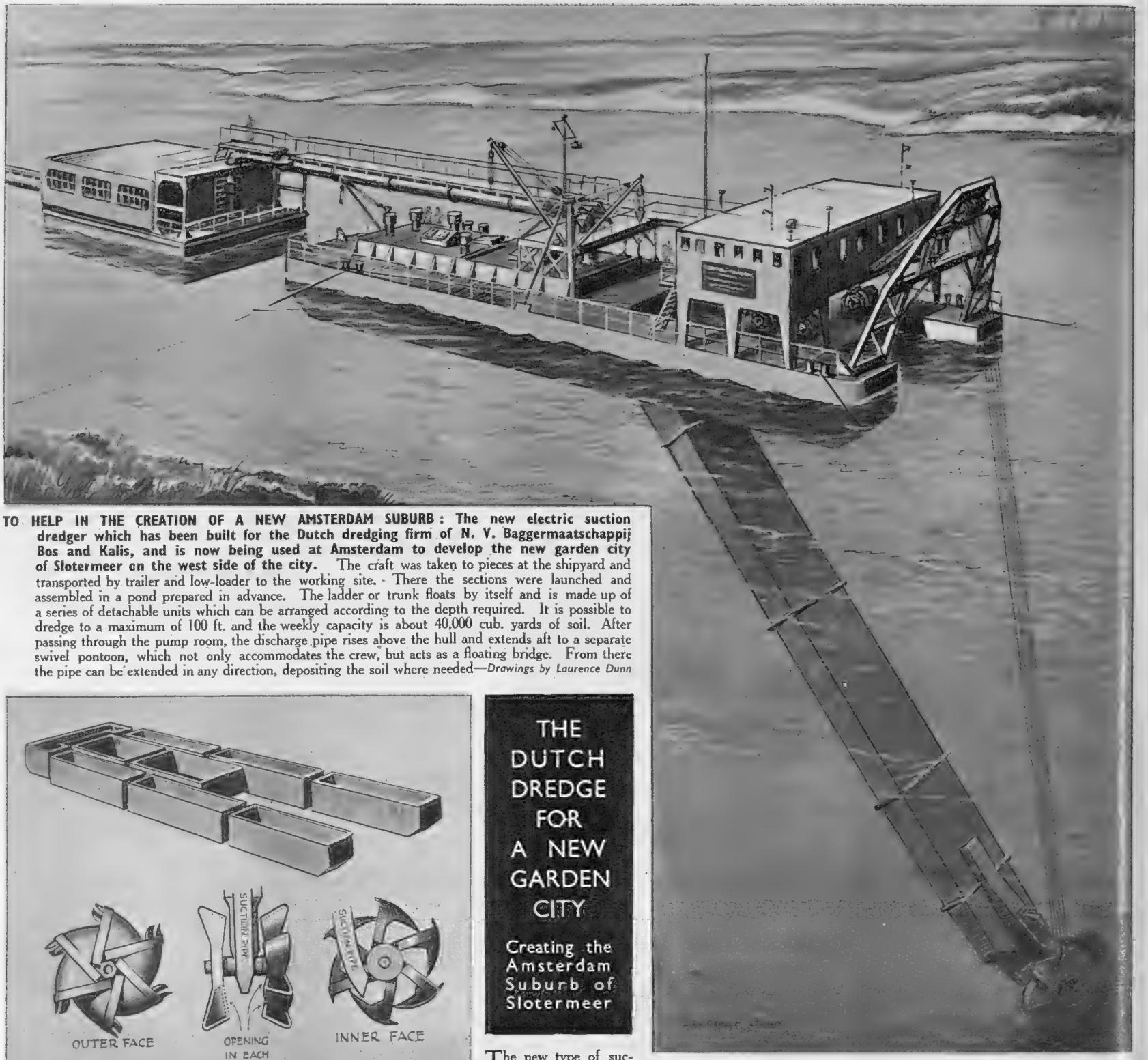


CHARLES I FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY VANDYKE: A fine equestrian study of the monarch whose nobility of feature is shown in every extant picture and sculpture. Long before his execution, Charles wrote George Digby: "I desire you to assure all my friends that if I cannot live as a King I shall die as a gentleman"

THE 300th ANNIVERSARY OF KING CHARLES THE MARTYR

A New Estimate of the Ill-Fated Monarch

To-morrow, January 30, is the 300th anniversary of the execution of King Charles I. What sort of a personality was this King Charles, whose life as a monarch was a failure, whose domestic virtues were beyond all praise, and whose death as a martyr was a political crime. Charles I has been the subject of bitter controversy among historians, and it was only natural that he should suffer at the hands of the Whig historians in particular. Macaulay, Gardiner and Green all had harsh things to say about the Martyr King. That Charles was at fault in his struggle against Parliament cannot be denied. It was his misfortune to be the first to put up the theory of the divine right of Kings against the idea of Parliamentary sovereignty. His domestic virtues, his unswerving loyalty to the Church, his interest in commerce, his expert knowledge of art, and the conquest of physical disabilities all redound to his credit, and in the first two volumes of his trilogy some of these points are brought out with commendable thoroughness by Dr. Esme Wingfield Stratford, an historian who has devoted an immensity of time to the study of the ill-starred King. The first volume is entitled *King Charles of England* 1600-1637, and the second is called *King Charles and King Pym* 1637-1643. The third will be called *King Charles the Martyr* 1643-1649, and will probably be published next autumn. The publishers are Hollis and Carter, and each volume is issued at 18s. The first volume covers the years from Charles's birth to the famous Ship Money case. It is the story of a diffident youth who before he reached adult stature fell under the fatal fascination of that arch-adventurer, the Duke of Buckingham. The second volume is probably the most important historically, as it deals with the *Tyrant versus Patriots* myth. At the time of Pym's death Dr. Stratford shows the Crown in active conflict, not so much with the sovereign people as with a clique of wealthy capitalists whose leaders had nothing to learn from the most skilful practitioners of our own time. It is a fascinating study, and from these two volumes alone Charles emerges in a much fairer light. But not even Dr. Stratford tries to make him out a success; for that he certainly was not. He was, however, beyond all doubt a man, and at heart never a tyrant.



TO HELP IN THE CREATION OF A NEW AMSTERDAM SUBURB: The new electric suction dredger which has been built for the Dutch dredging firm of N. V. Baggermaatschappij Bos and Kalis, and is now being used at Amsterdam to develop the new garden city of Slotermeer on the west side of the city. The craft was taken to pieces at the shipyard and transported by trailer and low-loader to the working site. There the sections were launched and assembled in a pond prepared in advance. The ladder or trunk floats by itself and is made up of a series of detachable units which can be arranged according to the depth required. It is possible to dredge to a maximum of 100 ft. and the weekly capacity is about 40,000 cub. yards of soil. After passing through the pump room, the discharge pipe rises above the hull and extends aft to a separate swivel pontoon, which not only accommodates the crew, but acts as a floating bridge. From there the pipe can be extended in any direction, depositing the soil where needed—*Drawings by Laurence Dunn*

THE LAY-OUT OF THE ELECTRIC SUCTION DREDGER: The main hull of the dredger is 110 ft. long and 29 ft. in breadth, and is made up of nine watertight pontoons bolted together. These pontoons are shown in the top half of the above drawing. Of the two on the centre-line, the after one is the engine room and the other is for the pumps. The ladder extending to the digging wheels has its own buoyancy tanks built around the suction pipe, which runs through the centre. The twin sets of digging wheels (in the lower half of the drawing) are mounted on the same shaft and revolve at 7 revs. per minute, and not only cut the soil but drop it through side openings in front of the suction pipe

THE DUTCH DREDGE FOR A NEW GARDEN CITY

Creating the Amsterdam Suburb of Slotermeer

The new type of suction cutter-dredger is being used at Amsterdam to help in the city's development plans, which amongst other things, calls for the creation of a new residential area at Slotermeer, on the west side of the city. There it is the intention to raise the level of the land by putting down layers of gravel and sand dredged from a new lake being dug in the centre of the area. An electric motor drives a pump, which sucks the soil up a long trunk or "ladder" and dumps it wherever it is required

On left—**WHERE THE NEW DREDGER IS AT WORK:** A sketch-map of the City of Amsterdam, showing on the left (indicated with cross-hatching) the site of the new Garden City of Slotermeer. Industrial and dockside areas are shown black, and the main built-up area grey

A BOW VIEW OF THE DREDGER: The ladder is up and the digging wheels can plainly be seen. The control room and the master's cabin are in the upper deck of the superstructure. Underneath are the large winches needed in order to lift the ladder

THE SCOTTISH FISH FOR SALMON — AND THE WELSH FISH FOR FACTS

THE TAY SALMON ROD-FISHING SEASON OPENS IN TRADITIONAL STYLE: Piper Seaton marks the occasion at Kenmore, Perthshire, as the first anglers go out and well-wishers from the shore, armed with glasses charged with whisky, wish them the best of luck. The Scottish fishermen still drink the toast of "tight lines" at the start of the season, and revel in the traditional celebration

At the start of the year salmon fishing opens on the Tay with traditional ceremonial, and the Scottish fisherman pursues one of his favourite sports with an ardour that never fails. Members of the general public, however, are likely to be more keenly interested in the researches conducted in Wales into the habits of the salmon, and the patient work of Dr. John W. Jones is already yielding hitherto unrecorded facts of the utmost interest. Dr. Jones, assisted by Mr. King of the Dee Fishery Board, is about to publish the results of his researches made on the River Alwen at Druid, near the old Welsh town of Corwen. They have found that the cock salmon in love is a quarrelsome, restless, impulsive fellow. Like any young man in love, the cock salmon seems to enjoy his courting. For the hen salmon—a cock can be distinguished from a hen by the upcurving lower jaw and the better colouring of the male—a more arduous role has been cast by nature. She, like any woman, has work to do before marriage. She has a bed to cut in the gravel of the river bottom in which the eggs are laid; a bed she prepares with great attention to detail. She goes quietly about her affairs while suitors fight for her. Some of the pictures reproduced below show Dr. Jones at work at Druid

DR. JOHN W. JONES RECORDS THE LOVE-LIFE OF THE SALMON: The enthusiastic zoologist from Liverpool University using his movie camera to photograph male and female salmon in tanks beside the Alwen

COCK AND HEN SALMON SWIM TOWARDS THE BED OF THE TANK: Dr. Jones, of Liverpool University, recording their activities with his movie camera which he directs towards the glass window of the tank

THE RIVER BAILIFF NETS A SALMON FROM THE OBSERVATION TANK AT DRUID ON THE RIVER ALWEN: He is watched by Dr. John W. Jones, whose researches into the love-life of the salmon have aroused such remarkable interest. Dr. Jones has discovered, among many other interesting things, that the cock salmon in love is a "quarrelsome, restless and impulsive fellow, given to preening and showing off a little, and he has a liking for nudging his mate and pushing her playfully"

A LONG WEEK-END IN THE NORTH

How the World Wags Round Blackpool Way

By CHARLES GRAVES

I HAVE just returned from a long week-end in the Midlands and the North, in the course of which I travelled through Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmorland and Cumberland by car. Immediate reactions for a Londoner are that food is very much more plentiful than in the South, though here and there one finds occasional shortages of cigarettes, and that the country hotels were as neat and clean as they are in Holland.

One of the first places I visited was Blackpool, which for the first time in ten years is having a normal winter. Even now there are still three or four thousand civil servants, but these are mostly local inhabitants and do not, therefore, affect the box office at the theatres and cinemas or the cash registers in the pubs. The Tower, with its ballroom and restaurant, menagerie, aquarium and aviary, is open all the year round, but instead of 50,000 a day in August, only 200 or 300 people enter this gigantic temple of entertainment. The popular public-houses, like the Cherry Tree Garden, Red Lion and Victoria Arms, each sell well over 300 barrels of beer a month in the season, but now sell only five barrels; while the sales of their wines and spirits have dropped during the winter from 140 gallons per month to six.

The hordes who came to Blackpool during the blitz have all returned. The 45,000 officers and men of the R.A.F. billeted in the neighbourhood, the 10,000 civil servants sent up from London, and 30,000 evacuees have, of course, all gone. So the population which swelled to a quarter of a million is back to its normal 140,000. Blackpool was the centre of the "gold coast," where fabulous sums of money were made for ten years, right up to this last autumn.

A year or so ago, boarding-houses were being sold at a flat rate of £1,000 per bedroom. Since then, the imposition of the Catering Act has put many of the new purchasers at these high rates into financial difficulties, particularly as it is feared that from now onwards many people will spend their holidays elsewhere—as a change from the war years and the immediately post-war years when the resorts on the South Coast were surrounded with barbed wire, or the resorts on the Continent or in Southern Ireland were inaccessible. Southern Ireland, in particular, is taking a great deal of holiday trade from Blackpool.

What also worries the leading citizens of this most enterprising town is that their plan to have a railway station right on the front has failed to receive approval from the Nationalised Railways Executive, and the number of trains which still come to Blackpool is dictated by Whitehall, and not by the go-ahead chiefs of the L.M.S. In view of all this, the plan to spend £1,000,000 on building a super-Madison Square Garden has had to be shelved indefinitely.

Blackpool is, indeed, one of Great Britain's chief monuments to private enterprise, and spent £15,000,000 between the two wars on pleasure palaces, promenades and its transport system. Less than 100 years ago it was a fishing village, set in a barren waste of sandhills and clay cliffs. Then in the '70's, 40 acres of ground in the centre of the straggling hamlet were planned to be the biggest amusement centre in the North. In 1939, the visitors were fed, clothed and amused at the rate of 150,000 new arrivals a day. Now, with the cut in the train services, the refusal of the authorities to allow the autumn illuminations, and the passing of the Catering Act, the almost American ebullience of Blackpool has swiftly subsided and the entertainment chiefs are facing the future very soberly.

On a wet Saturday morning the promenade is almost entirely deserted, although one can see an occasional couple going on horseback along the sands. The Big Dipper is motionless; the sideshows are closed. Blackpool does not, however, go entirely to sleep in the winter. There are Spinsters' Balls and Benedicts' Balls to while away the evenings. Boarding houses are being repapered and repainted by the owners. In their spare time, the inhabitants have time to relax and meet one another, which is normally impossible. Indeed, for many of the small hotel-keepers and boarding-house keepers it is a real relief after nearly nine years of an all-the-year-round season, with its consequent wear and tear on carpets, napery and tempers.

One of the other Northern towns I visited was Ribchester. This, during the Roman occupation, was the headquarters of the smartest cavalry regiments based on Britain. A link with this past is to be found at the White Bull, the portico of which consists of four pillars from a Roman temple retrieved a century ago from the neighbouring river. Also in Ribchester is the De Tabley Arms, which has been brilliantly enlarged in a way which completely conceals the fact that most of it is modern. The ancient oak beams and brass ornaments all give the impression of great age. On the counter is a 200-year-old brass tobacco box with a primitive penny-in-the-slot device. If you insert a penny and press a lever, the secret compartment opens and you can fill your pipe for a penny—an ancient habit revived only last week.

At Temple Sowerby I stayed at the King's Arms, which actually uses the Royal Arms as its ensign. At first sight this would appear to be most improper, but it seems that, last century, the Crown paid the landlord ten gold sovereigns a year in return for his keeping suitable stabling accommodation always ready for the military in the event of riots. That, of course, was before the days of railway trains.

At the Punch Bowl in Crossthwaite, I had a plate of ham and eggs at 3.30 p.m. It stands literally ten yards from the church, which was built later. No doubt this goes back to the old days, when it was part of the official duties of the churchwarden's wife to brew beer for the harvesters. Wherever I went I found that the local landlord is very much the leader of the local community. Mr. Ashworth, of the Punch Bowl, for example, was promptly made president of the Hound Trail Club, although when he came to Crossthwaite he scarcely knew one dog from another. He has also started a football team among his regulars, and the Punch Bowl athletics face a rosy future. One of his regulars is Blind Bob, who can beat anybody at dominoes. Blind Bob listens on Saturday night to the radio in the tap-room, and can tell late comers every result and goal scored in the First, Second and Third Divisions (both North and South in the last-named case). And if a fog or mist descends he will guide people home all over the countryside.

At Leyburn, the landlord of the Golden Lion organises all kinds of local sports and social gatherings, but he does not, of course, permit gambling. At a neighbouring pub, however, the local jockeys and trainers play dominoes for as much as £5 a spot. At the back of the Golden Lion, the Irish labourers congregate on the annual hiring day and contract for £60 during haytime, all found. The War Agricultural officials also hire their men here, paying as much as £7 an acre for picking potatoes.

In Leeds, which is practically built around the Pack Horse, the landlord, a former paratrooper, has ten deaf-and-dumb men and women among his regulars. They all sit in the same semi-circular alcove, and it is a strange experience to hear all the noise and chatter on both sides of the dead silence which emanates from them. The landlord has only been there a short time, but he has already learned the deaf-and-dumb language in order to converse with them and see that their orders are promptly executed. I doubt very much whether the manager of any State-run pub would take the trouble, or indeed would have the time, to do this.

Another of the characters I met was What-ho. What-ho is a retired tramp, and lives in the outhouse of the Bull Inn at Sedbergh. He is known as What-ho because he punctuates his very lively stories with this interjection at frequent intervals. He is a splendid old boy, always full of vitality, although he is well over seventy. He is now the handy man of Sedbergh, and earns enough to call round each of the four chief pubs during the evening. The beers which are drunk in the Midlands have remarkable names which are quite unknown in the South. One of them, for example, is called "Oh be joyful," or "O.B.J." This is a strong ale.

It is a sign of the times that one of the more enterprising brewers is asking for, and frequently obtaining, licences to rebuild old coaching inns to turn them into modern-day coaching inns—in other words, establishments catering especially for charabanc parties.

The present-day landlord, incidentally, is a very different type from his predecessor: amongst them you will find ex-taxicab drivers, ex-regular army majors, ex-lorry drivers, ex-night fighter pilots and bomber pilots, ex-stokers, ex-linoleum clerks—in fact, almost everything except ex-newspaper men and ex-actors. Some of the tenant landlords are making well over £2,000 a year, and at least one of them has sent his sons to a very distinguished public school.

THE VILLAGE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FOREFATHERS: The little main street of Washington, County Durham, where no fewer than seven generations of the Washington family resided

A DURHAM MINING VILLAGE—Home of Washington's Forefathers

In the sixty years he has lived in the Durham mining village of Washington, Mr. Frederick Hill, the "schyeulmaister" (Durham tongues broaden the southern "schoolmaster"), has taught successive generations of children the importance of this village in the history of America. For here, eight centuries ago, lived as lords of the manor the ancestors of George Washington, liberator of the American colonies, founder and first President of the United States. Though he is retired now, Mr. Hill devotes himself to the study of Washington history.

THE VILLAGE MEMORIAL TO THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS: It stands on the site of the pond where in earlier days witches were ducked and drowned. In the background is the inn, the Washington Arms

THE DERELICT OLD HALL AT WASHINGTON: It was built on the site of the Manor House, home of the Washington family from 1183

WHERE WASHINGTONIANS FOR THE MOST PART EARN THEIR LIVELIHOOD: The Glebe Pit at Washington, County Durham. Washington lies six miles south-east of Gateshead, to the east of the North Road. First mention of the place was made in the Anglo-Saxon Charter of 973

For his work in this connection he was awarded in 1932—the Bi-centennial year—the Congress Medal by the George Washington Bi-centennial Congress Commission. Now, as honorary secretary of the Committee for the Preservation of Washington Old Hall, he contemplates a lecture tour in the States, hoping to raise 50,000 dollars from Americans to restore the Hall. Trees and grasses thrust through the ancient stones of the neglected Hall, on the site of the original Manor House occupied by seven generations of the Washington family. Some of the old walls of the Manor still stand in the present structure, rebuilt in 1613 by William James, Bishop of Durham. Here lived the progenitor of the Washington family—William de Hertburne, who exchanged the village of Hertburn for the manor and village of Wessynton (and changed his name with the estate). Genealogists trace the Washington family name from the Anglo-Saxon Wassa or Wess—Wessington, the farm of the children of Wessa.

A SCHOOL OF BALLET

And Other Stage News

STUDENTS OF THE RAMBERT SCHOOL OF BALLET ON THE STAGE OF THE MERCURY THEATRE IN NOTTING HILL GATE: Madame Marie Rambert started the school at the Mercury in 1927, and many celebrated dancers have been among her pupils. Professional classes are held every morning of the week and the more advanced students return in the afternoon for support classes (double-work); character, mime and repertoire classes. In the repertoire class the students learn the corps de ballet work of the classical ballets and others which are in the repertoire of the Ballet Rambert. They are encouraged to do choreography and, once a term, they present their own ballet at the Mercury Theatre. Madame Rambert has been in Australia and New Zealand for the last eighteen months with her company, which has had so great a success that the big towns have been revisited. She will return in three weeks' time and will see the ballets which the students have in readiness

JACK BUCHANAN AND HIS WIFE LEAVE NEW YORK ON THE "CARONIA": His marriage to the former Susan Bassett took place after the end of the run of his production of Sacha Guitry's latest comedy "Don't Listen, Ladies."

JACK HULBERT GREETS HIS WIFE, CICELY COURTNEIDGE: She had arrived at Northolt after an eighteen-months tour with "Under the Counter," which had taken her to Australia and New Zealand

On left—**THE CHILDREN'S CLASS AT THE RAMBERT SCHOOL OF BALLET:** Seven-year-old Janet King learns her ballet steps from instructress Daphne Gow. Classes for children aged four to seven are given twice a week at the school

On right — **MOIRA SHEARER LECTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DANCING PRODUCTION CLUB IN HOLLAND PARK.** The twenty-two-year-old ballerina spoke on the subject of filming ballet. Over 400 students and ballet enthusiasts listened to Miss Shearer, who had some harsh things to say on the subject of her recent appearance in a film. She said that after six months of the *Red Shoes* method a dancer would have no technique left. "It took me several months after the film to get back to feeling right again," she added

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

MEMOIRS, TRAVEL, AND CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

Sean O'Casey's Tempestuous Memoirs: Alexander Clifford and Jenny Nicholson Contrast Russia and the United States

THE fourth volume of Mr. Sean O'Casey's memoirs is as rich and tempestuous reading as its predecessors; rewarding, but a little headachey in the long run. INISHFALLEN FARE THEE WELL (Macmillan. 16s.) opens in Dublin in the days of the "troubles" and the Black and Tans, and ends with the author's leaving Ireland for England, where he has now lived for many years. It is a book whose quality is difficult to describe, though it could certainly be said that it was essentially the book of an Irishman and that no other nation could produce this particular blend of violence, poetry and gossiping reminiscence.

One day in February 1947 two newspaper correspondents arrived in Rome to find two telegrams. One instructed the younger correspondent to proceed to America to write a series of personal articles; the other directed the slightly older correspondent to travel to Moscow to cover the Foreign Ministers' Conference. Obediently, the two made their arrangements, which included a mutual correspondence from their very different assignments. The result is THE SICKLE AND THE STARS (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.), and its authors are a husband and wife, Alexander Clifford and Jenny Nicholson, the correspondents in question.

In spite of the very different subject matter of the two series of letters, they are dovetailed with remarkable neatness, and Miss Nicholson's lively reflections on Texas cowboys and New Orleans bookshops fit in with surprising ease between Mr. Clifford's accounts of his experiences in the Soviet Union.

ENGLAND THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) is a stimulating title for those readers who had thought that everything in their country had already been explored, discovered, assessed and, for the most part, criticised. The author of this new book of discoveries, M. Paolo Treves, is an Italian whose anti-Fascist broadcasts were heard from this country during the war, and who, during his long stay here, developed a kind of wandering affection for the place.

This he expresses in the most lucid and friendly terms, as translated by Mr. Duncan Forbes, and illustrated by the sprightly drawings of Biro.

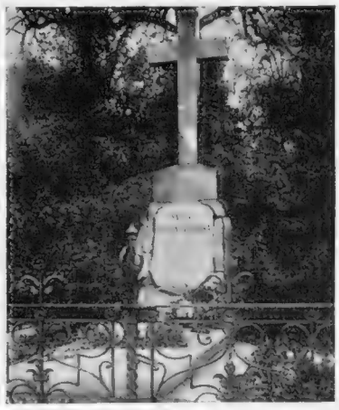
THE CHILD: AN ADULT'S PROBLEM (Carroll and Nicholson. 10s. 6d.) is a thoughtful study of the relations that exist or that should exist between a child and its parents or its teachers. Mr. Anthony Ludovici takes the unsentimental line in the matter, but writes with a profound understanding of the subject, and a provocative assessment of what it is that a child really needs for the happiness of its future development, and the stability of its future character.

You may not agree with every word, or indeed with every paragraph of this book, but I should say that its principal value is in its compulsion to reasoned thought.

One of the most diverting books of the week is Mr. Geoffrey Trease's aptly-named TALES OUT OF SCHOOL (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), which is a survey of the books and stories that children have been reading in the past hundred years. It is fascinating, and it is very funny, whether the author is dealing with *Eric* of hallowed memory, or the "tough-as-they-come" category, in which Mr. Trease includes Robinson Crusoe and his methodical accountancy of the numbers of natives shot down.

The chapter on school stories is especially amusing—and illuminating, for under the heading of "Midnight in the Dorm" follows an analysis of one of the most popular types of all juvenile fiction, showing, incidentally, its fantastic divergence from the sober, and duller fact. Parents will be entertained by this book, and so will any reader whose memory can carry him back accurately to the bookshelves of his childhood.

SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY OF MAYERLING WHICH SHOCKED EUROPE EXACTLY SIXTY YEARS AGO: Mayerling Castle, near Vienna, where the bodies of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and his mistress, Mary Vetsera, were found after their alleged suicide pact. Count Carl Lonyay, a Hungarian, who was brought up as a cavalryman during the reign of Franz Joseph of Austria, is the author of "Rudolph: The Tragedy of Mayerling," which has just been published in the United States by Scribners. Lonyay (whose uncle later married Crown Prince Rudolph's widow) affirms that Mayerling was merely the last act in a psychopathic melodrama peopled, in its main roles, by deeply involved Central European royalty.



THE GRAVE OF MARY VETSERA: In the small cemetery of Heiligenkreuz lies buried the mistress of the Crown Prince Rudolph. She was found at Mayerling with the top of her head shot off. The Crown Prince died ten hours later

THE COPPERHEADS (Cassell. 15s.) is a huge novel both physically (660 pages) and in scope (the American civil war and the forty years after it). Mr. William Blake has taken on a tremendous job in making a coherent story against the background of these changing epochs, and on the whole has succeeded well enough in keeping the reader's interest and his sustained sympathy. In a story like this a beautiful heroine is a help and Mr. Blake has thought of that, making her both beautiful and spirited. That she should have admirers is inevitable, and Mr. Blake has generously given her three.

The political setting must, of course, be accented, in such a period as the writer has chosen, and that, too, is handled with great competence. What made me uneasy—and this to a very active degree—was Mr. Blake's handling of the English language, for that had some of the awkwardness and stiffness of a mediocre translation.

It is possible that there are those who have not yet heard about the detective stories of Mr. Edmund Crispin, and to them as well as to the established admirers of this gentleman's work I feel it a friendly duty to point out that there is a new book which should engage their attention. BURIED FOR PLEASURE (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) deals in part, and rather lightheartedly, with a by-election in a remote country district, a political contest which it has pleased one Professor Fen to enter, although he is generally better employed as a University don and an amateur detective.

Not surprisingly, Fen's pre-poll activities coincide with a very odd series of happenings in the neighbourhood and, again to no reader's astonishment, he is drawn into the investigations partly through natural curiosity and partly through a meeting with an old C.I.D. acquaintance (subsequently murdered in horrid circumstances). The plot is intricate but as well fitted together as that kind of wooden patchwork that used to derive from Tunbridge Wells. It is expounded, too, with something of the elegance that used to belong to that eighteenth-century spa.

BAR NOTHING RANCH (Methuen. 8s. 6d.) is an amusing book by the author of *Chicken Every Sunday*, which you may remember as a light and amusing memoir of life in Arizona town as it was lived some years ago. The present book is about the West too, and a ranch where the cattle came first, but the "dudes" were a very close second. The dudes were the guests or lodgers who came out for part of the January-to-April season, to get the feeling of eastern snow and ice out of their bones, to sit in the sun or to ride the more placid of the horses over the desert trails.

It is evident that Miss Rosemary Taylor knows her subject well, for the domestic problems, as well as the more colourful of the guests' escapades, are described in authoritative detail and with an eye for the robustly comic which is this writer's proven gift.

Miss Rosalind Wade's estimable novel, THE WIDOWS (Macdonald. 9s. 6d.), is a story as well-planned as a civic centre, as worthy, and as lacking in excitement and romance, notwithstanding the fact that it is written in the novel form.

The three widows in question are personable women and all attractive enough to delight the potential second husband who appears in the guise of a Labour candidate at a country election, and gives them all what might vulgarly be called the "once-over." There is no room, however, for vulgarity in this writer's constitution, and the sincerity that takes its place results in a novel easy to commend for its purpose, but less easy to enjoy.

PROPHETS AT WORK

A Symposium of Religious, Educational, and Political Forecasting

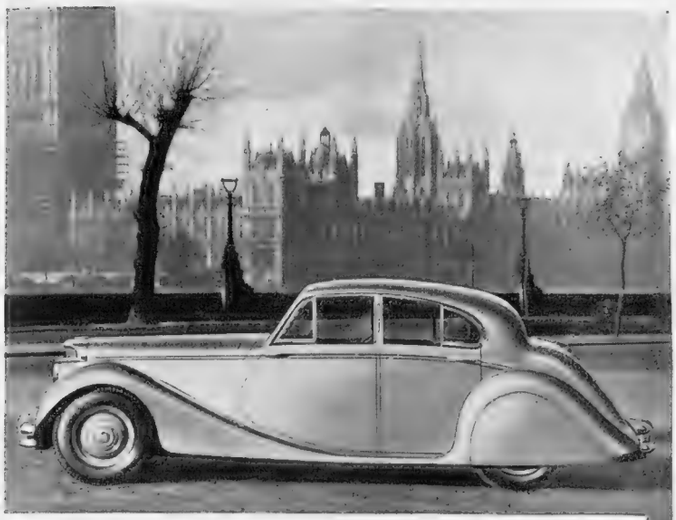
Shortly after the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, declares Lord Elton, the Radicals were expecting the millennium and the Duke of Wellington the collapse of civilisation. So it must always be with prophecy, and, in consequence, some may feel that there is little virtue in the highly individual symposium of Lord Elton and his fellow-contributors on THE PROSPECT BEFORE US (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.). In this series of essays, ranging over the arts, sciences, politics, education, and, most important of all, religion, the authors ask us to ponder whether man at this moment of time, at this precise juncture in his proud progress, has cause for delight or despondency at the measure of his achievement; where does he stand in each particular field of endeavour, and what lies ahead? The contributors have certainly been given their heads, and in the sense that they have stimulated thought and provoked discussion they have beyond all doubt succeeded. Charles E. Raven, in his chapter on religion, quotes that great philosopher, the late Professor Bowman, who stated that "so long as a third of mankind thinks that life is a thing to be escaped, another third thinks it is a thing to be exploited and enjoyed, and a remnant of us Christians think it is to be redeemed, there can be no agreement as to the meaning of existence or of what constitutes its true worth—and therefore no foundation for a real peace." Without this agreement there can be no criteria, no compass bearings, either for statesmen or educators, either for society or even for individuals. This thought is really the keynote of the whole book. The final chapter on "The Future of Politics," which very rightly takes last place as religion takes first in this discussion, is contributed by Commander Stephen King-Hall, that sturdy independent, who, in the course of his prophesying rather rashly quotes John Milton, the poet-politician, on Britain's role in "teaching the nations how to live." More heavy-weight thinking in the political field comes from John Maurice Clark, Professor of Economics at Columbia University, whose new book, ALTERNATIVE TO SERFDOM (Basil Blackwell. 8s. 6d.), is described as "a challenging proposal for the restraint of big business (seeking maximum profits) and big labour (which has become a system of quasi monopolies)." The Professor ranges widely and discursively. While he agrees that irresponsible self-interest cannot organise a community, he shrinks from planned production for use with all its implications. The book is really a record of the author's political heart-searchings, and he seems to be well and truly astride the fence.

Another volume for the politically-minded, and more profitable perhaps than the speculative political treatise, is Mr. Turner Samuel's history of the BRITISH TRADE UNIONS (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.), an important new addition to the "Living in Britain" Series. The book deals with the structure of the movement and its long struggle to achieve status, so that it might stand before the law free and fully recognised. The account of the General Strike of 1926 is strictly factual, and, for all that, deeply dramatic.

Marcel Boulestin is a brilliant cook whose art has brought him many exhilarating contacts in the course of his days. EASE AND ENDURANCE (Home and Van Thal. 10s. 6d.), translated by Robin Adair, is a book in the tradition of George Saintsbury and Andre Simon, and for the lover of good living these memoirs, touching largely upon meals eaten and wines drunk, will have an inevitable appeal. There are the usual shocked and superior references to British cooks, and their nameless dishes, and British butlers, who stew claret, but it is to be doubted if M. Boulestin really believes we are quite so perfidious as he makes out. He has too many good friends and admirers in this country for that.

Staffordshire, heart of the Black Country, is sometimes regarded as the drabbest of counties; it is the country of the Five Towns, of Cannock Chase, Wolverhampton, Wednesbury, Walsall, West Bromwich and Smethwick. Phil Drabble, who feels strongly about the district where he was born and bred, presents a very much brighter and more varied picture in STAFFORDSHIRE (Robert Hale. 15s.), and with his tales of saints and druids, of the sturdy independents who fought the "bullying hordes" of Cromwell, of old country crafts and country customs, he has produced a narrative of quite surprising interest.

"Peace Comes to Peckham," "Let My People Go" and "Away From It All" are the three plays chosen for volume three of EMBASSY SUCCESSES (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.). These three plays are sufficiently different in genre to show the varied work of a theatre that has contributed vastly to the entertainment of Londoners, and all three "read" almost as well as they "act."



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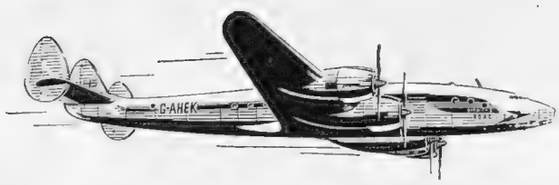

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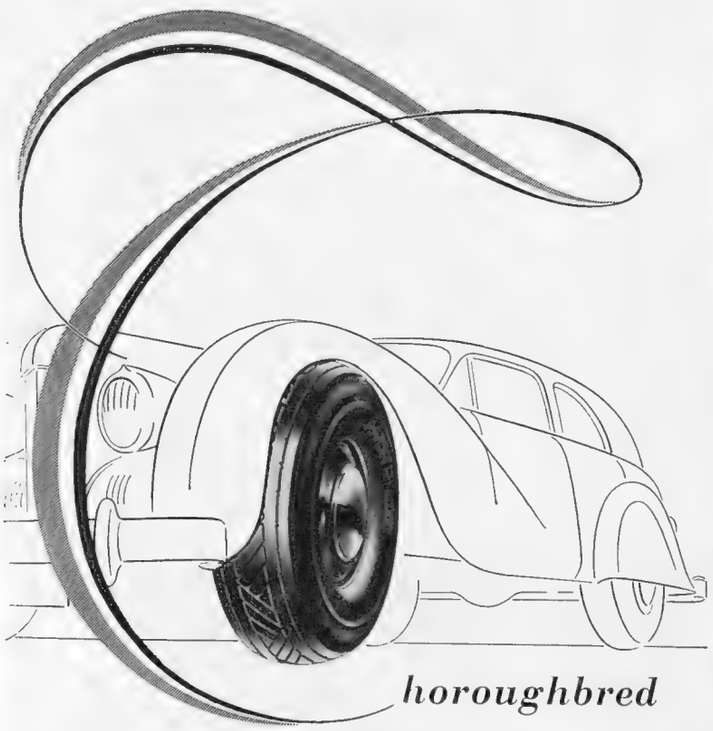

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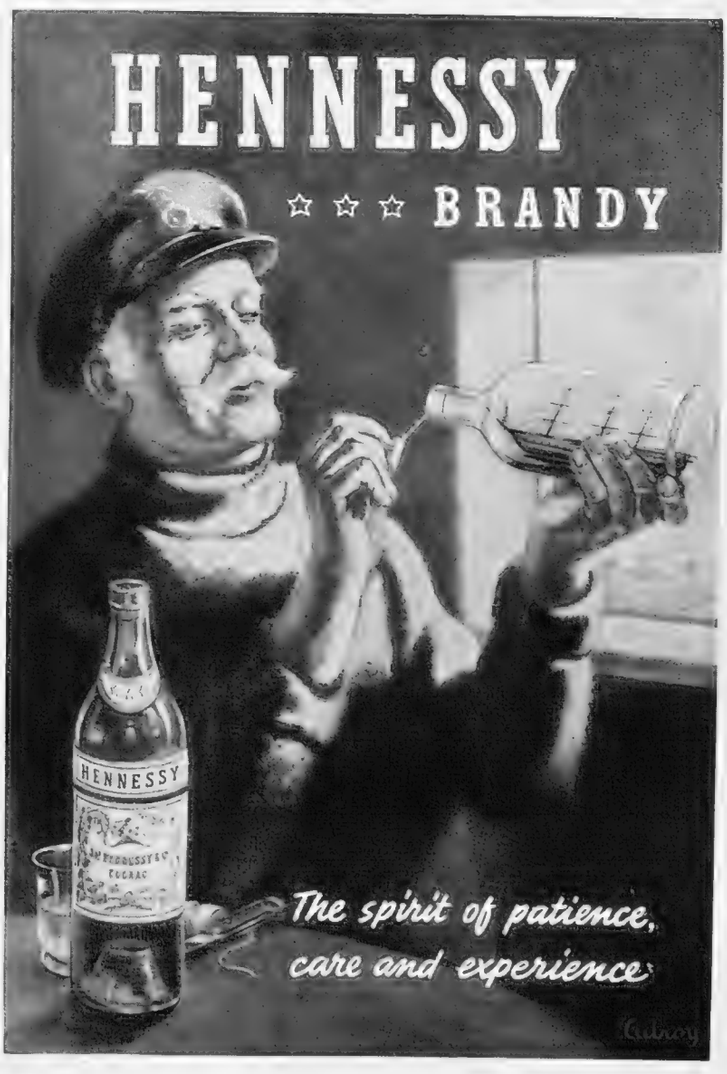

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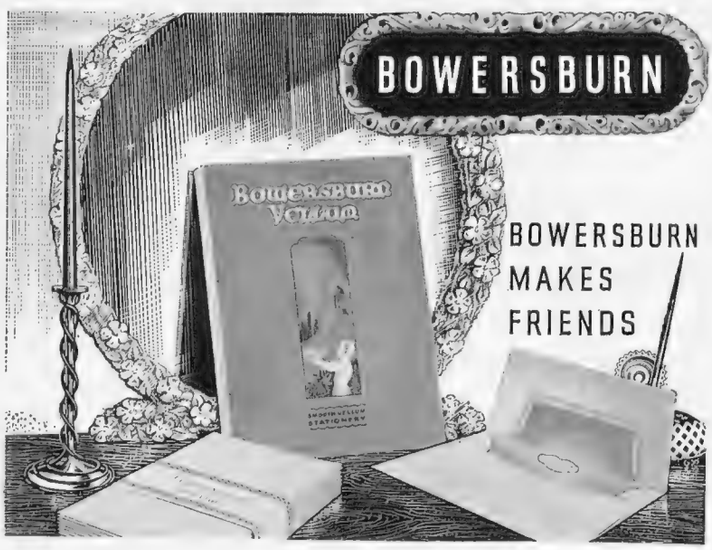

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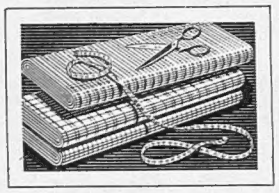

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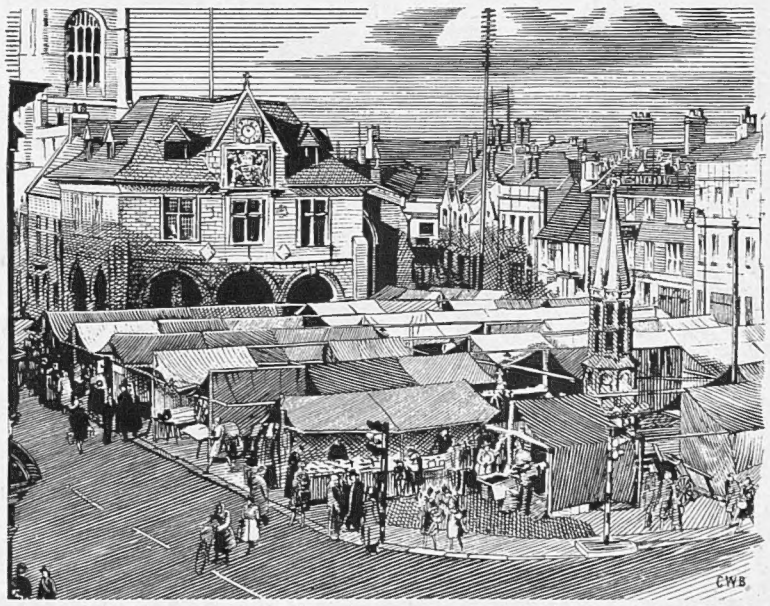

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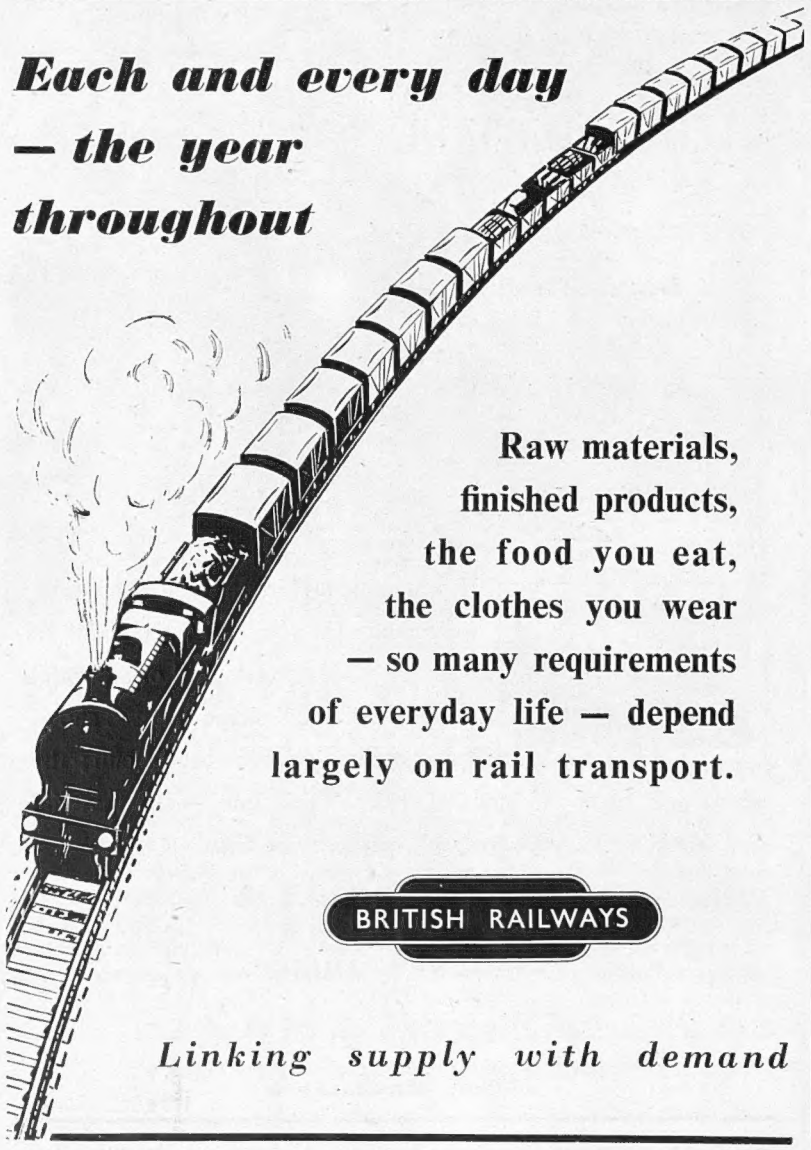

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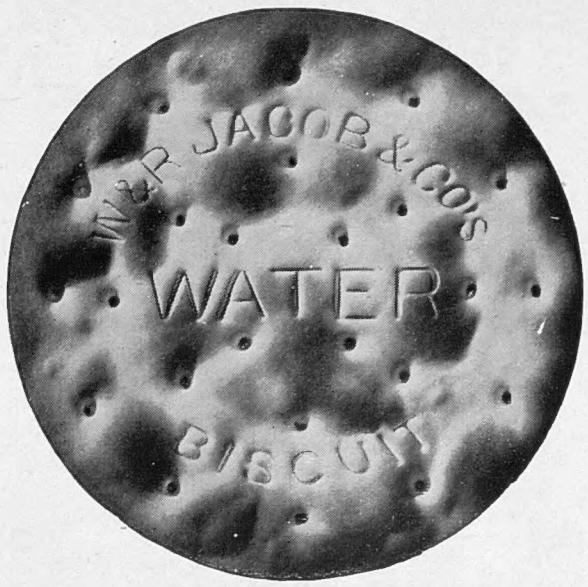

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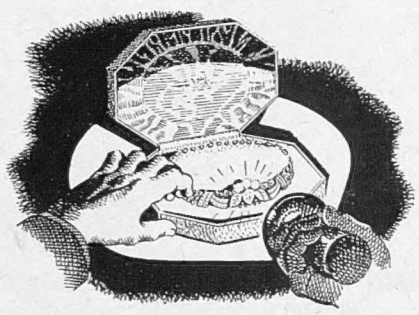

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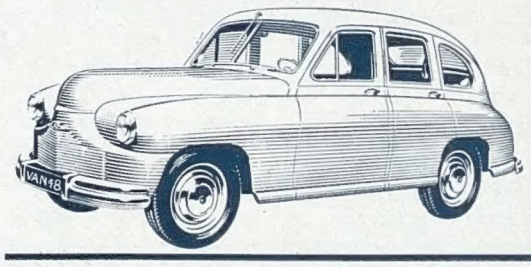

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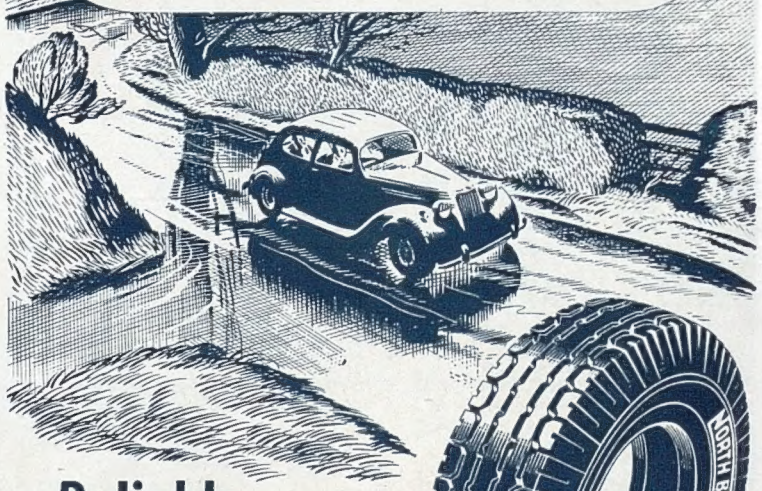

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